

POLICE

COMICS 10¢

SM 9 QUALITY COMICS GROUP

SEPTEMBER
No. 58

PLASTIC MAN

matches wits with
The GREEN TERROR!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BE A REAL COMMANDO!

**LOOK FELLAS— HERE'S A GUN
YOU'LL BE PROUD TO OWN!**

RAT
TAT
TAT



ALL METAL
Stock and mechanism. Tough and dependable!

ONLY \$1.49
POSTPAID
or 3 for \$3.75

WHILE THEY LAST!

HARMLESS! BUT—

**LOOKS
AND SOUNDS
LIKE A REAL
SUBMACHINE
GUN**

**USED BY U.S.
COMMANDOS AND
PARATROOPERS**

IT'S A BARREL OF FUN!

Strong, Durable Construction

This is not a cheaply constructed toy, but a strong, durable mechanism made entirely of sturdy steel, and painted a real "GI" service green.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

THE COMMANDO MAN, Dept. 10
2250 N. Keating Ave., Chicago 39, Ill.
YES! I am enclosing \$1.49. Rush my Commando Submachine Gun quick. I understand I may examine it for 5 days. If not satisfied in every way, you'll refund my full price of \$1.49.
☐ I am enclosing \$3.75. Send me 3 guns.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

You Can Be the General in Any Man's Army

Yes sirree, Fellows. Here is a gun that any young Commando will be proud to own . . . and you should hear it "fire." It looks and sounds just like a real Submachine gun. You'll be the envy of every fellow in the neighborhood . . . and with a gun that shoots as fast as this one does, you'll always be on the winning side.

Limited Quantity! Hurry!

When our present stock is exhausted, there will be no more Commando Submachine Guns of this quality at this amazing low price of only \$1.49. So hurry, Fellows, send for yours today . . . now. Examine it for five days. If you don't say it's the greatest bargain you've ever seen, send it back and have every penny of your money returned. Mail coupon today!

THE COMMANDO MAN • Dept. 10, 2250 N. Keating Ave. • Chicago 39, Ill.

GIRLS!



A WHOLE WARDROBE OF GLAMOROUS, EXCITING BRACELETS... ONE FOR EVERY MOOD!

One of these thrilling bracelets is exactly the right touch for every single outfit you own! Get yours today! And remember, not one but ALL THREE are yours for only \$1.25.

MAIL COUPON NOW!

THE BRACELET LADY, Dept. 10
2250 N. Keating Ave., Chicago 39, Ill.
I am enclosing \$1.25. Please rush my Bracelet Wardrobe at once! I understand that I may examine them for five days, and if I'm not completely satisfied, my entire purchase price of \$1.25 will be refunded.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



FORMAL BRACELET
of simulated pink gold for the really big dates in your life



AUTOGRAPH BRACELET
Let your friends engrave their names with a nail file

SWEETHEART BRACELET

For your romantic moods

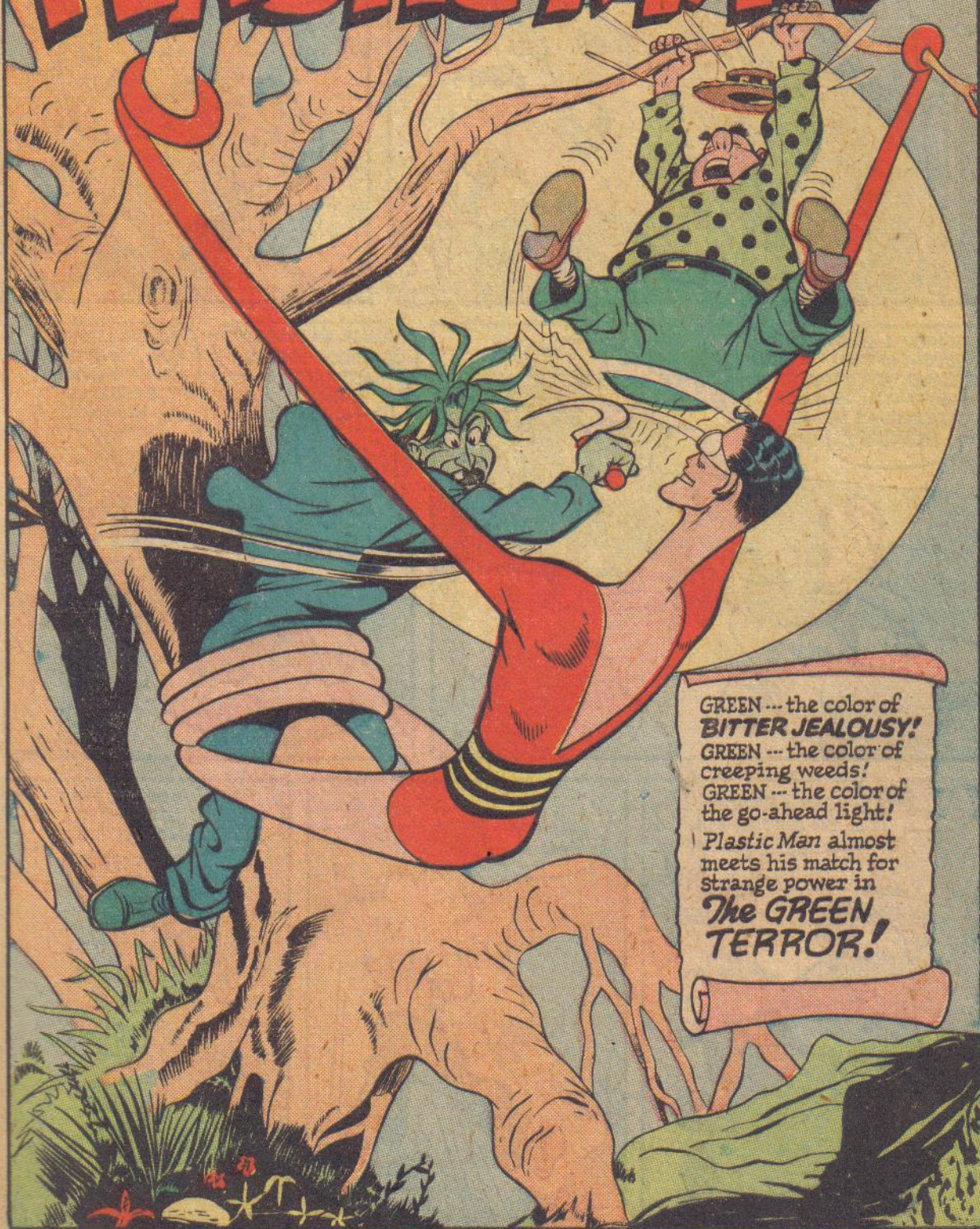
**YOU'LL BE
THE ENVY OF
THE TOWN!**

**ALL 3
FOR ONLY
\$1.25**

POSTPAID
MAIL COUPON!

THE BRACELET LADY, Dept. 10, 2250 N. KEATING AVE., CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

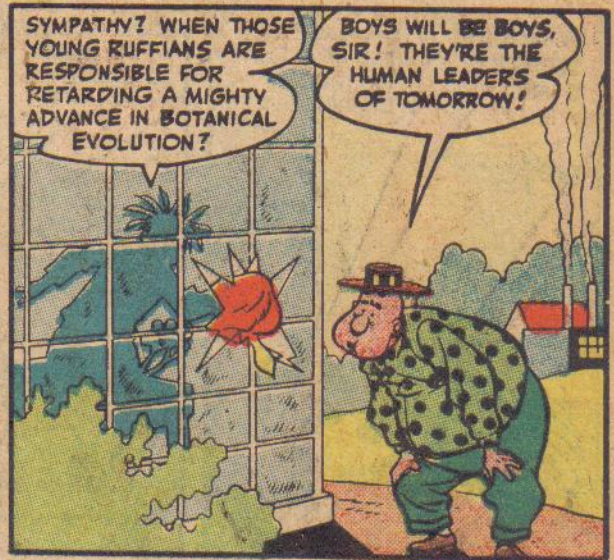
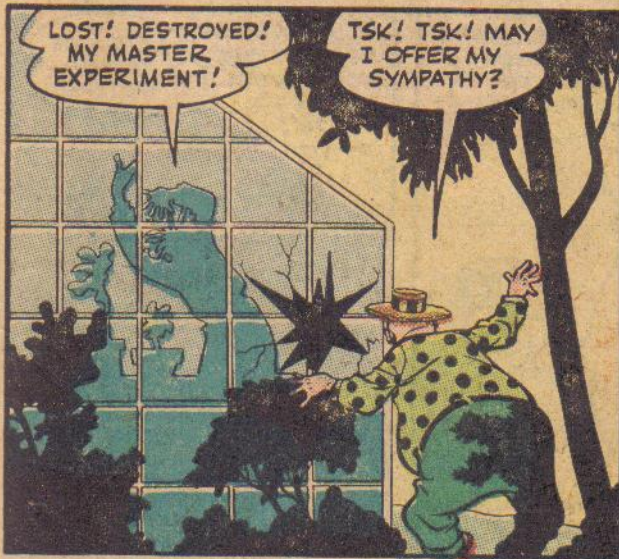
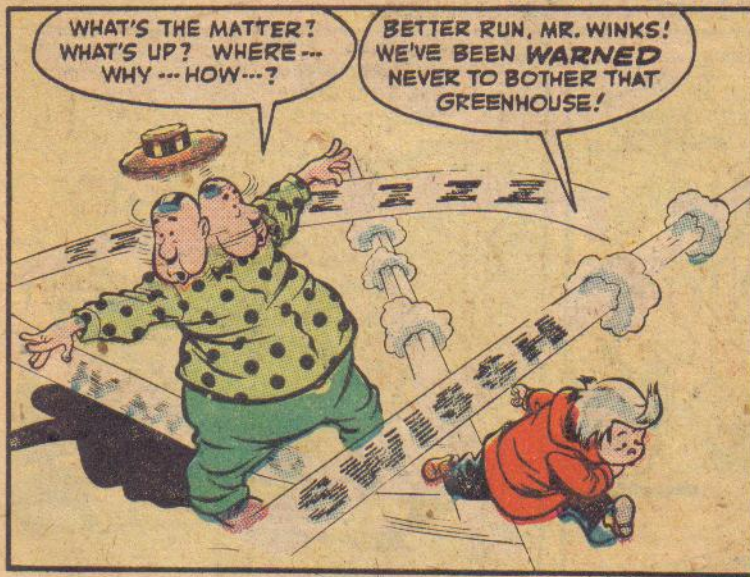
PLASTIC MAN



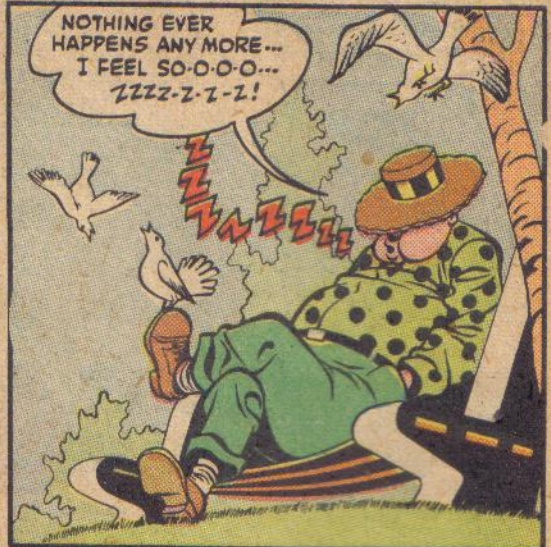
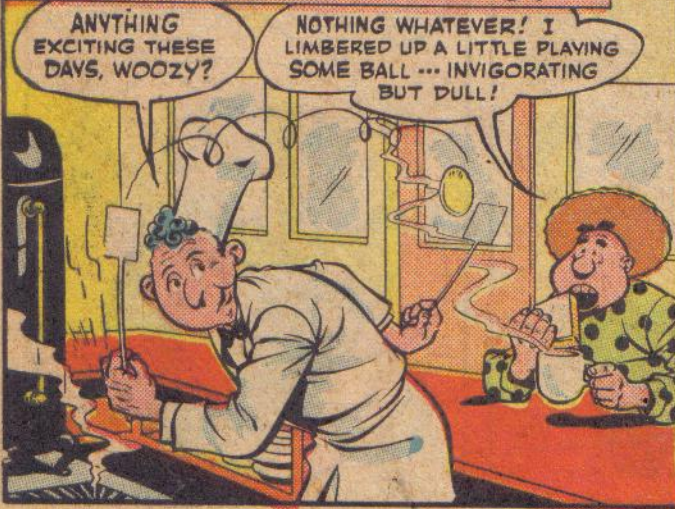
GREEN ... the color of
BITTER JEALOUSY!
GREEN ... the color of
creeping weeds!
GREEN ... the color of
the go-ahead light!

Plastic Man almost
meets his match for
strange power in
**The GREEN
TERROR!**

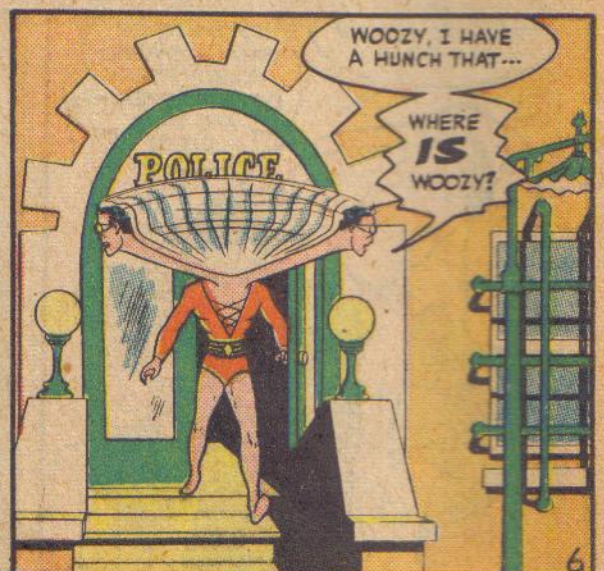
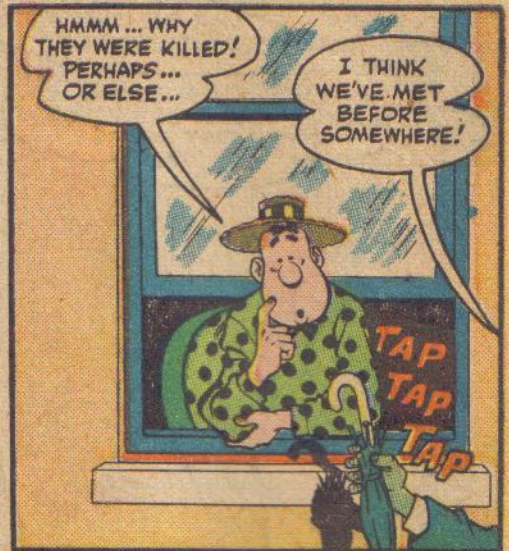
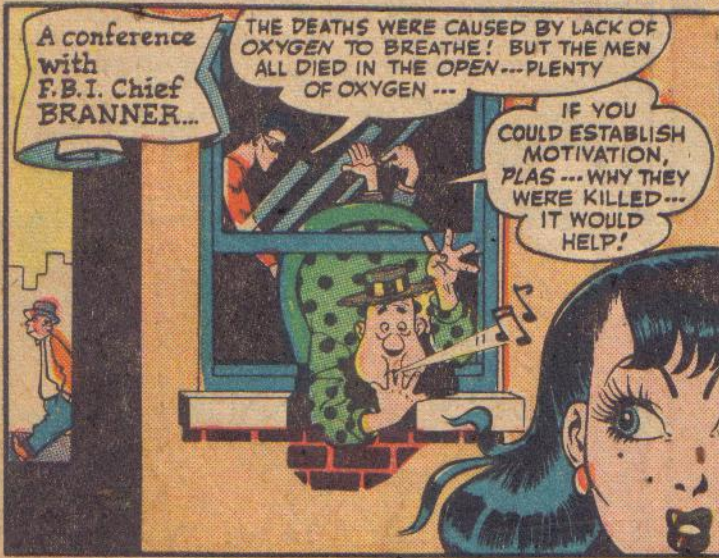


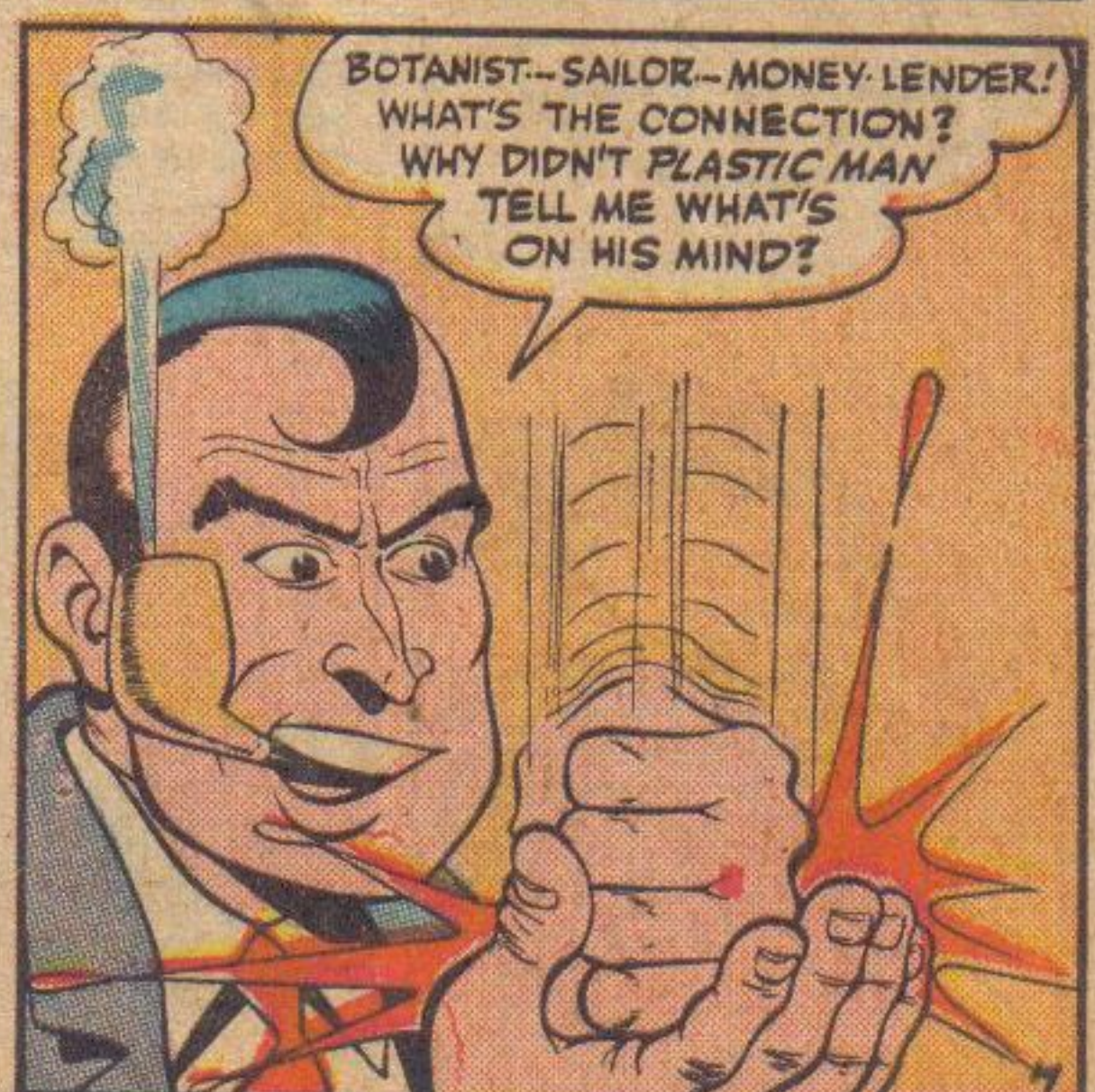
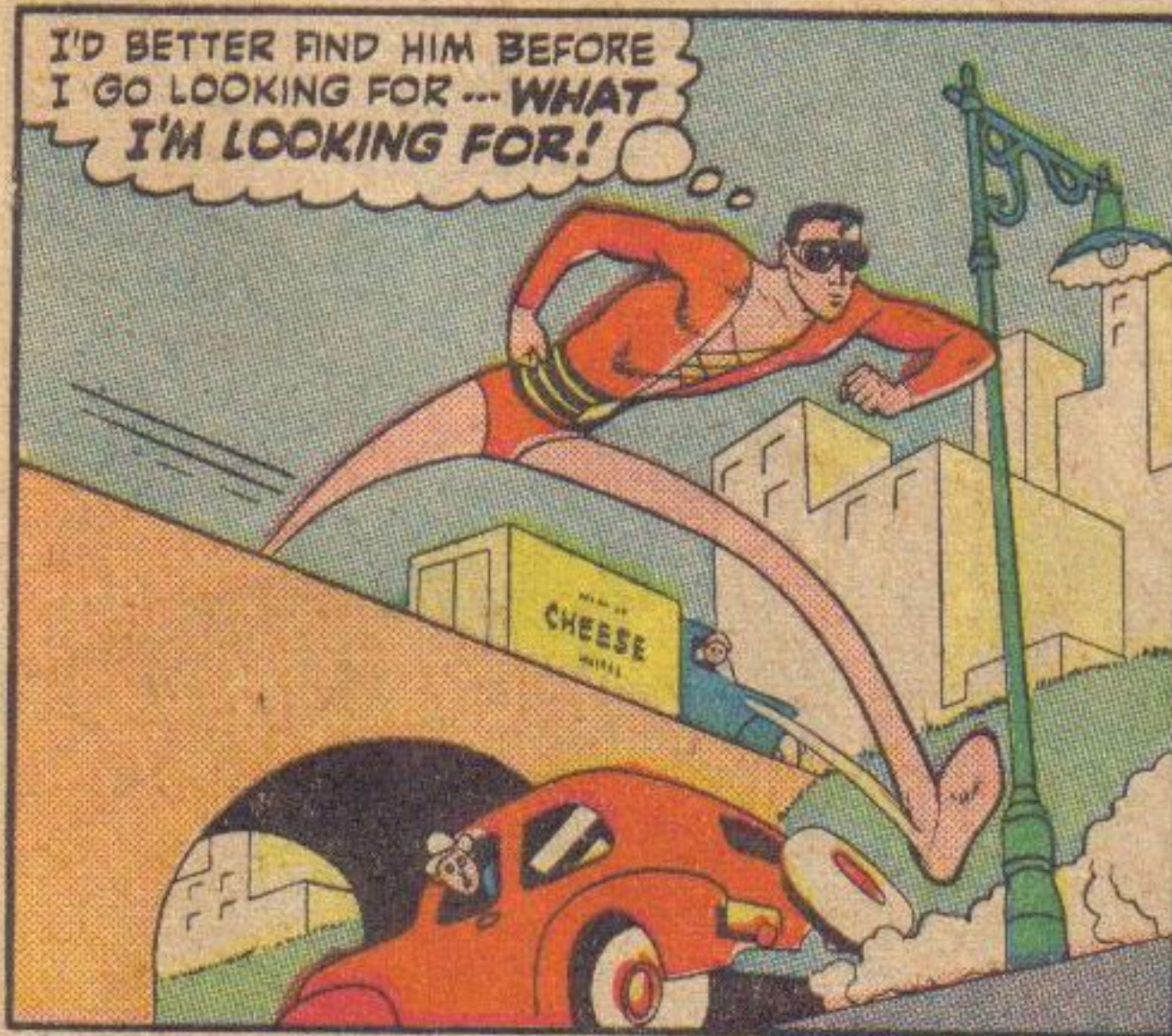
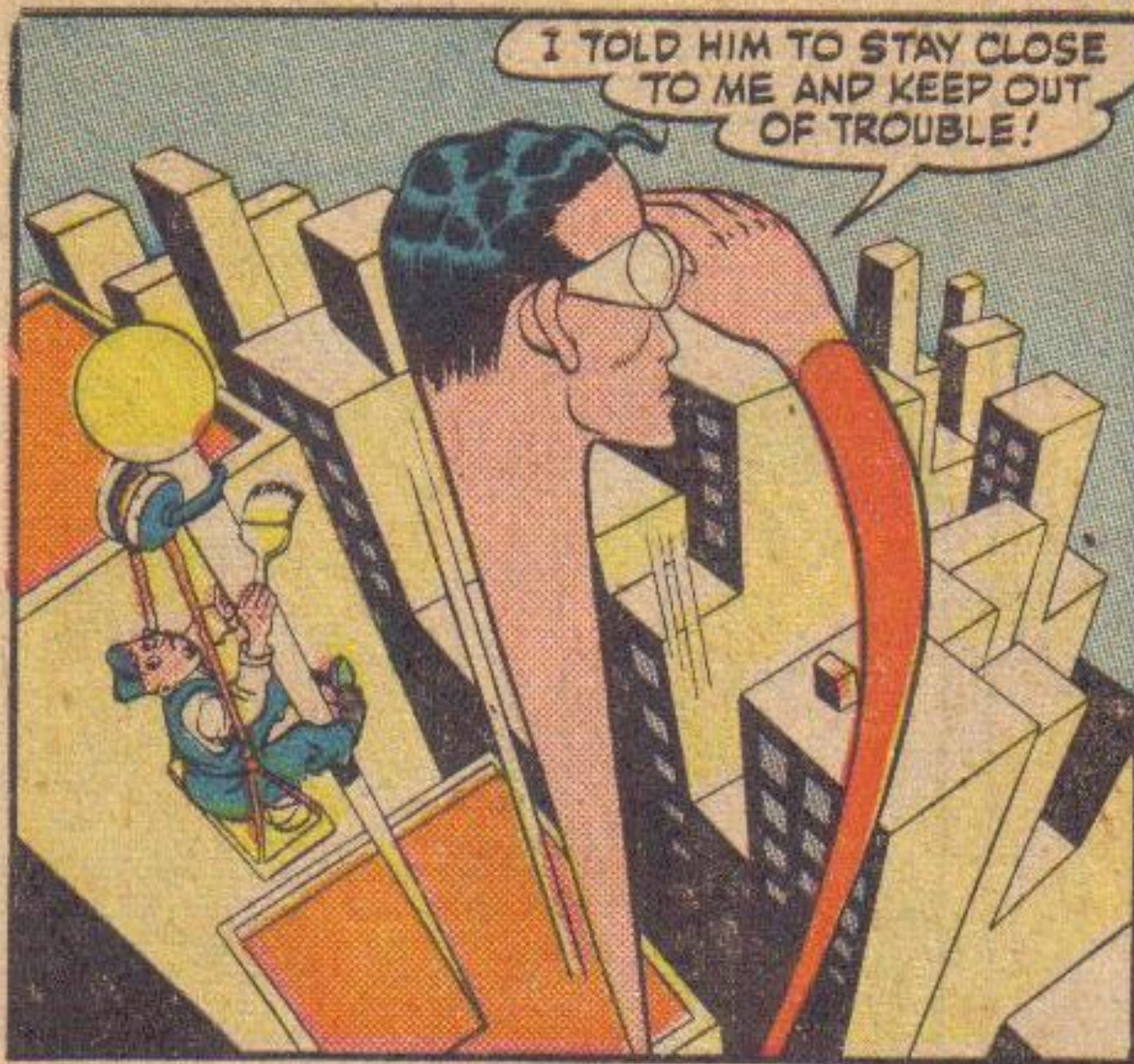


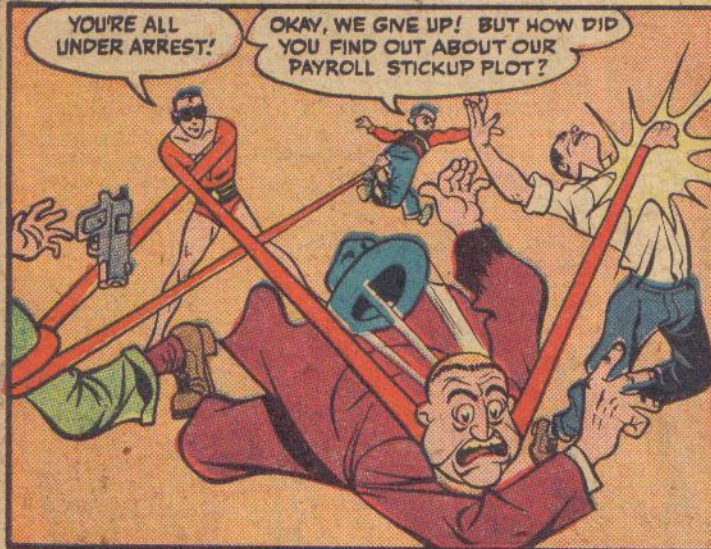
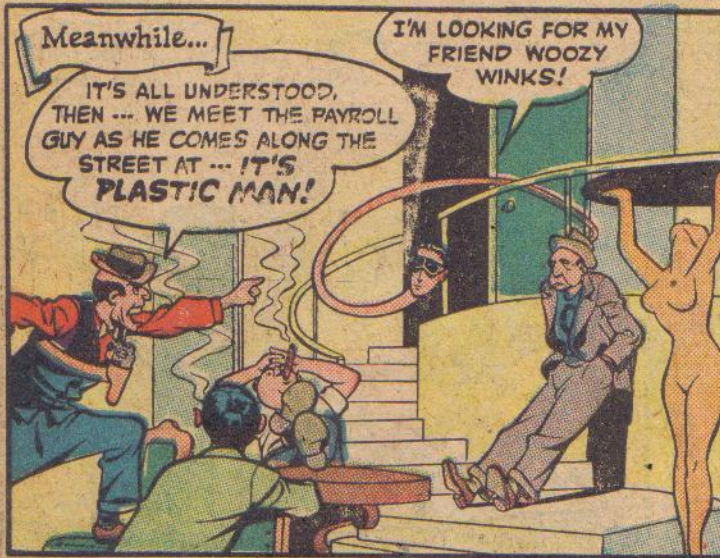
The exercise has made Woozy hungry....

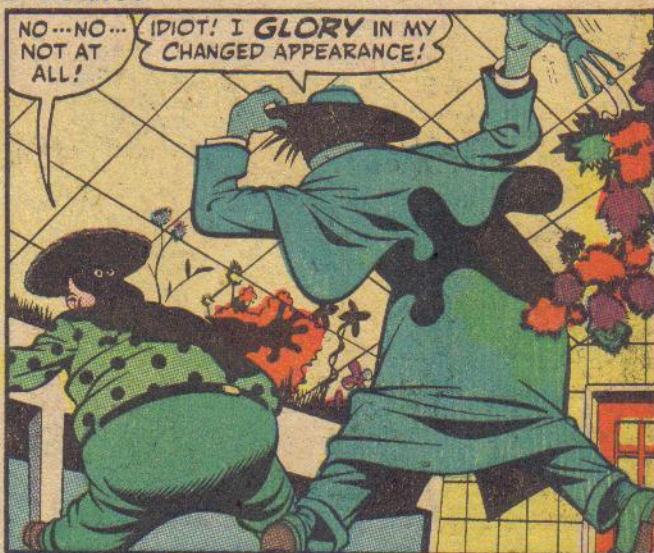


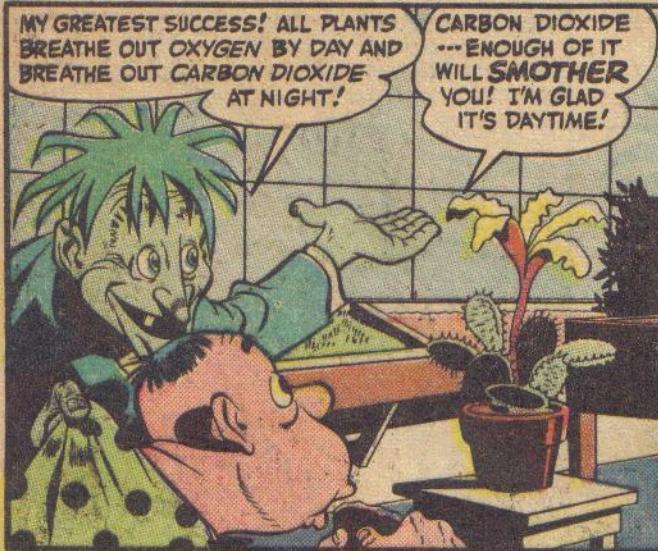
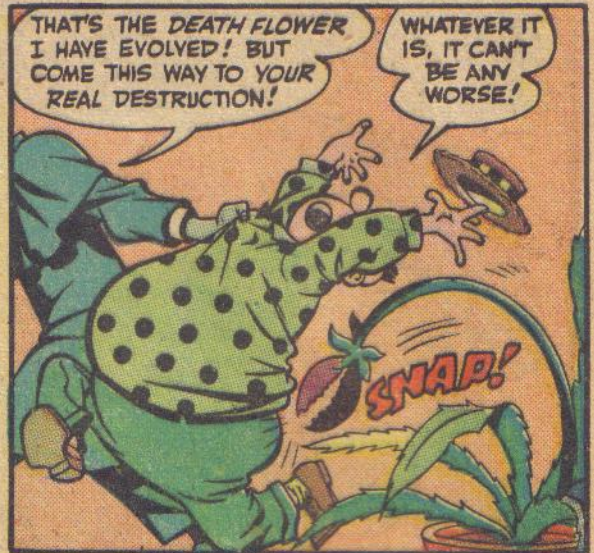
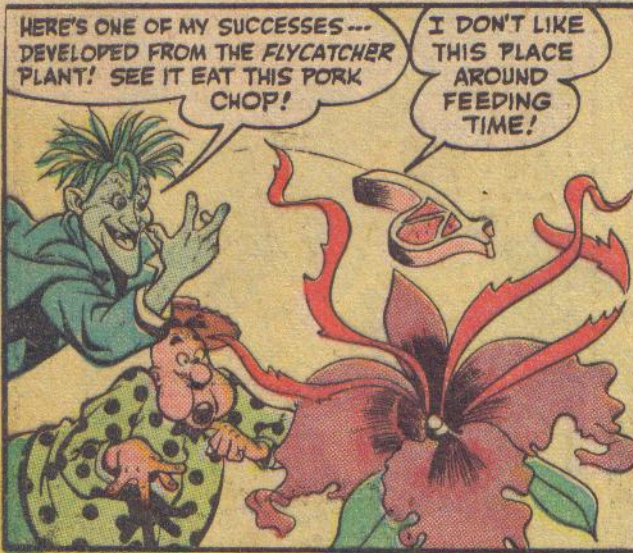


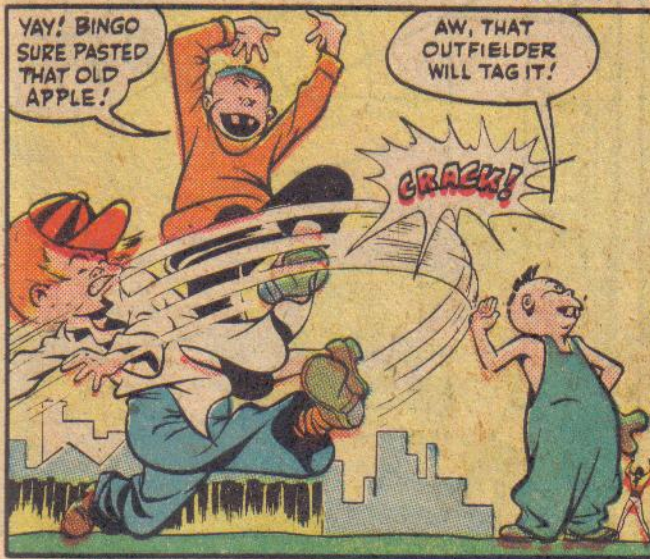


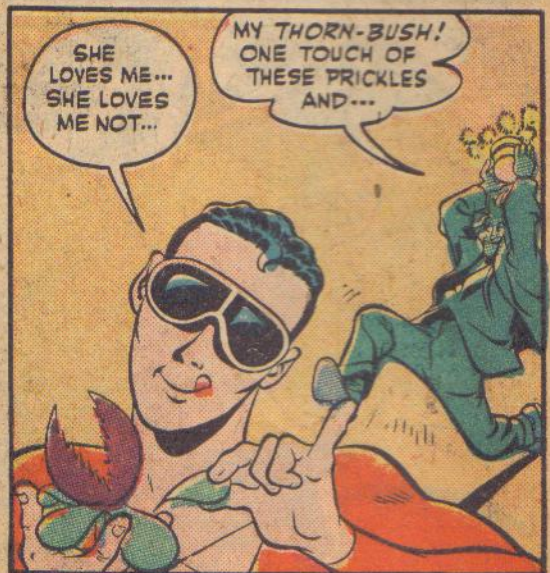
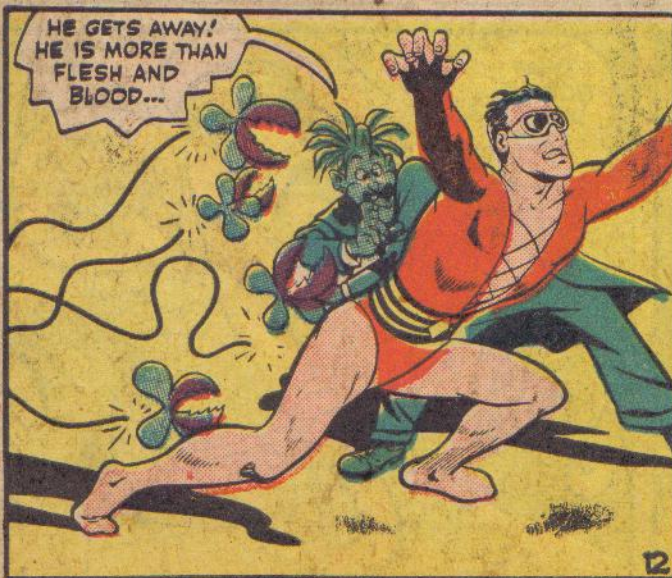
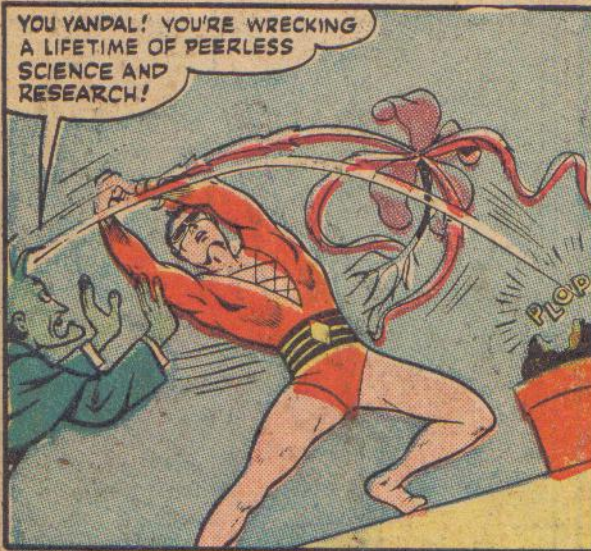


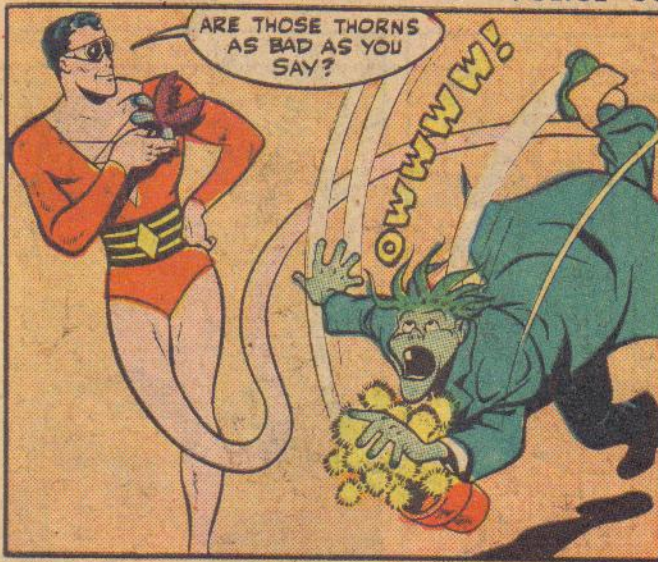






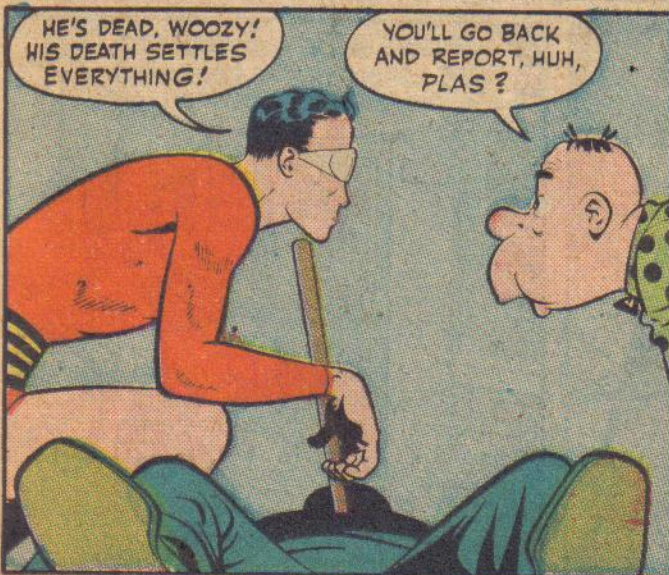
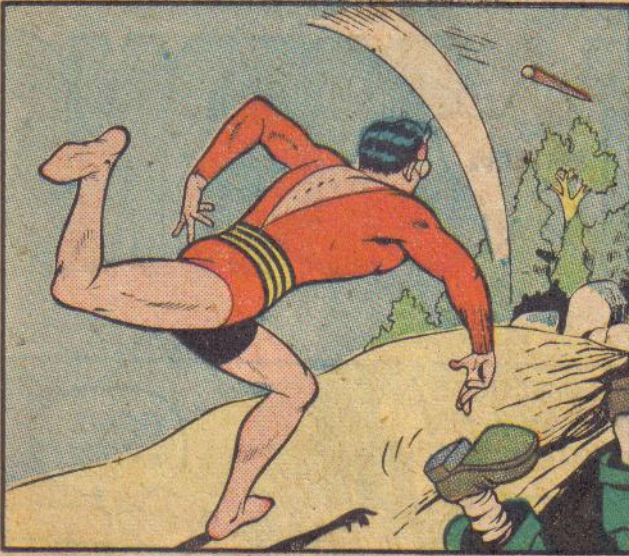






POLICE COMICS

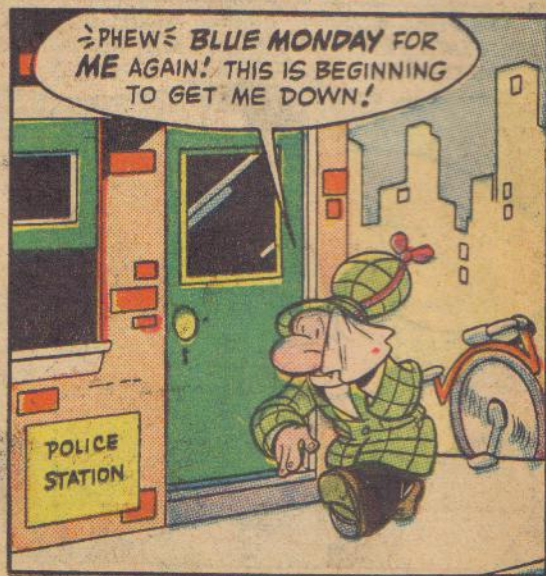
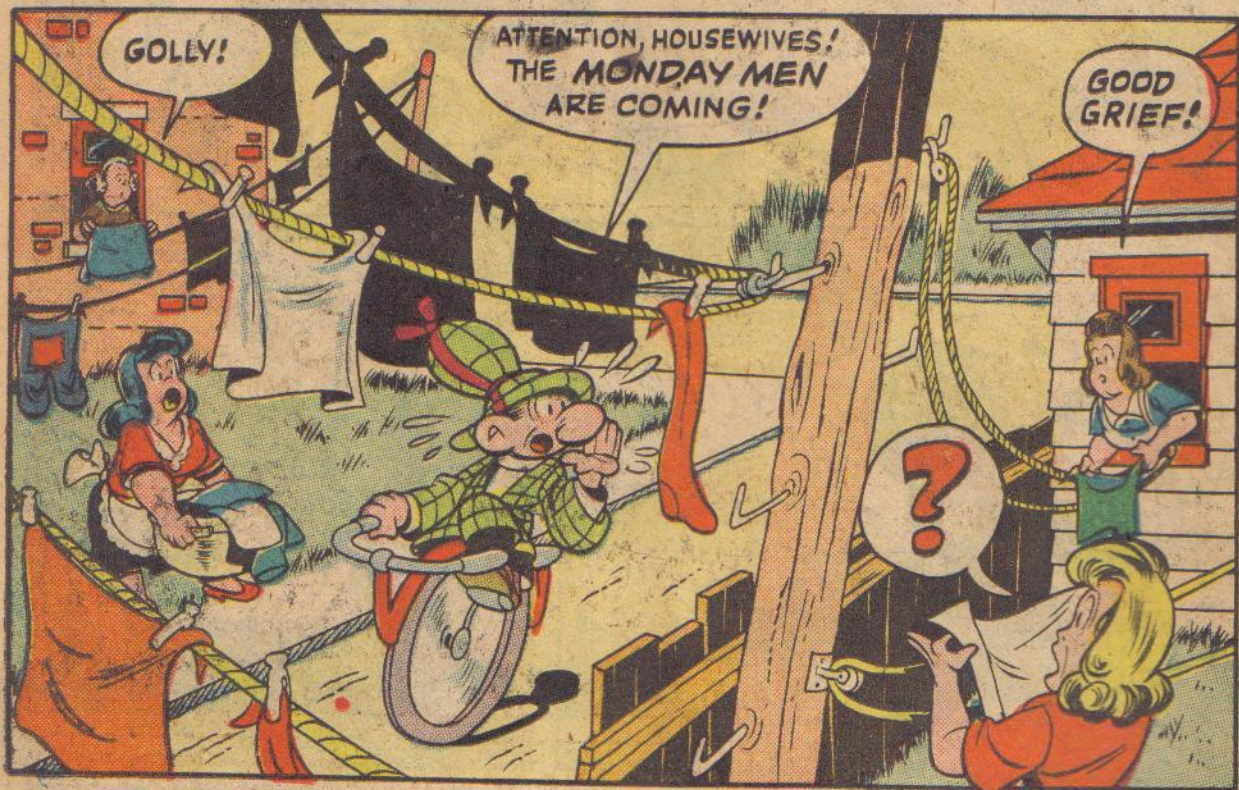


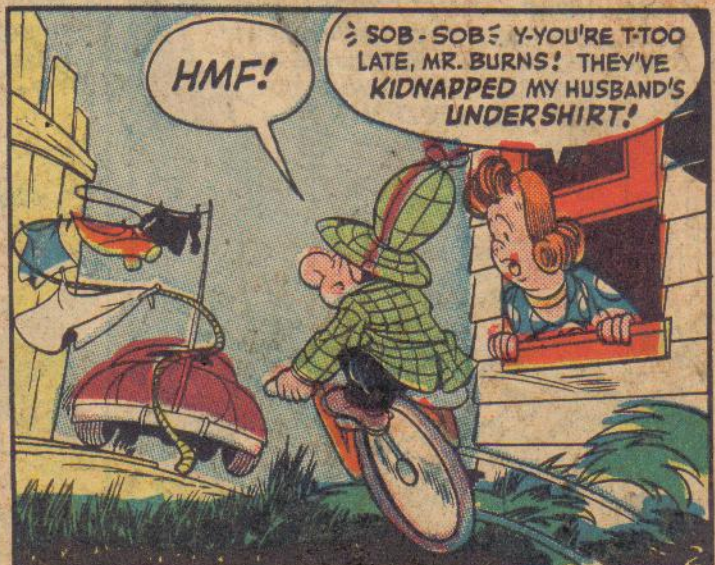
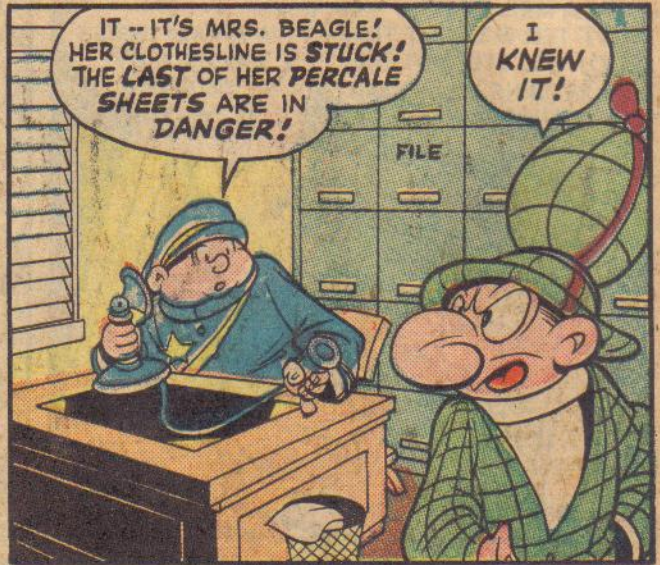


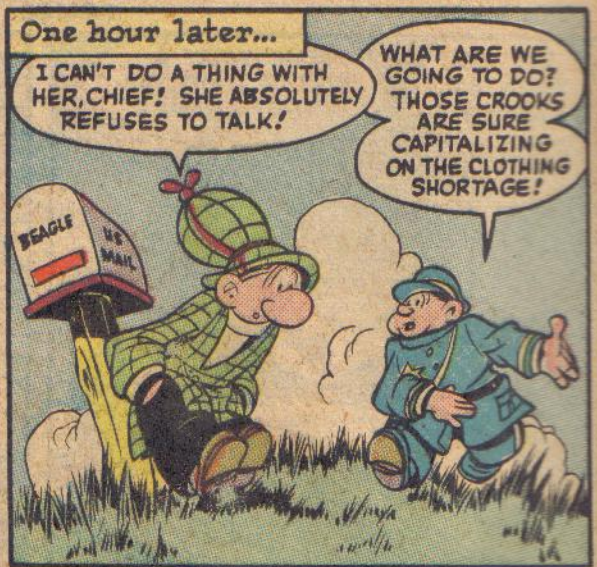
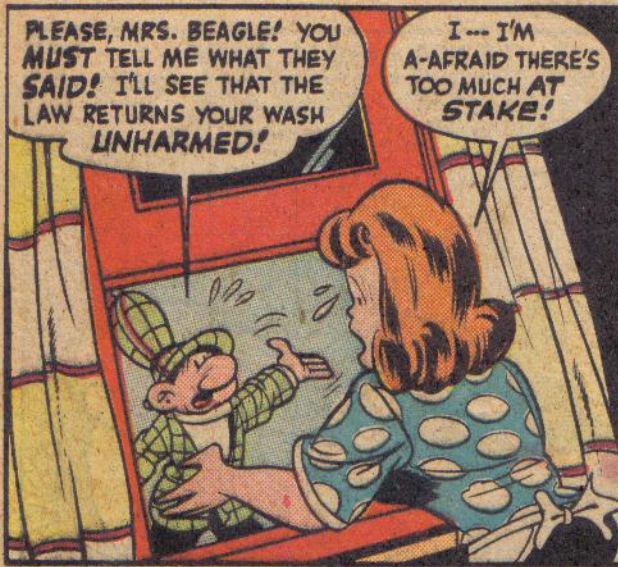
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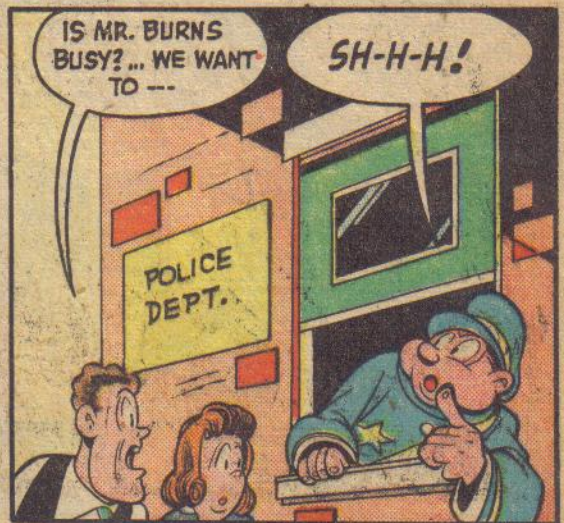
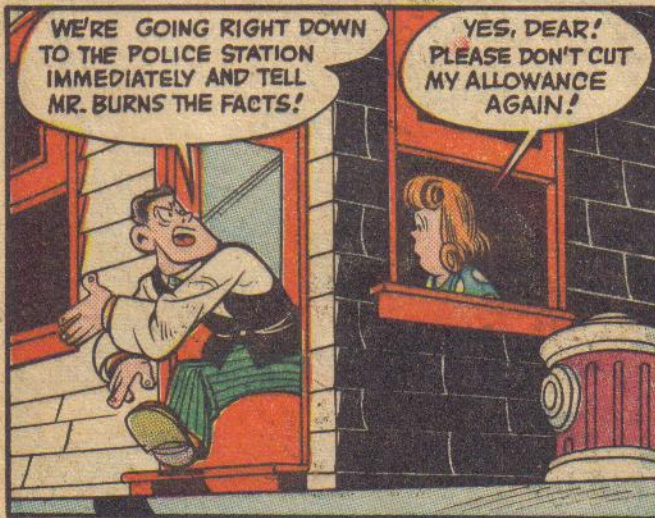
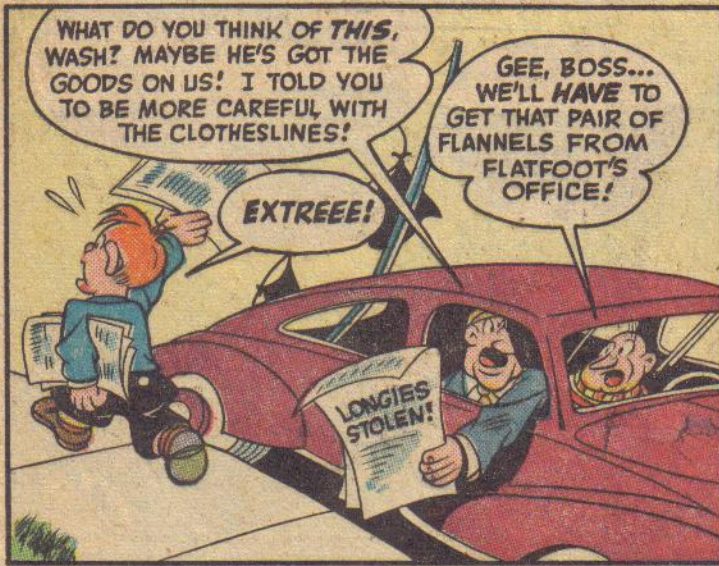
FLATFOOT BURNS

STAR
DETECTIVE

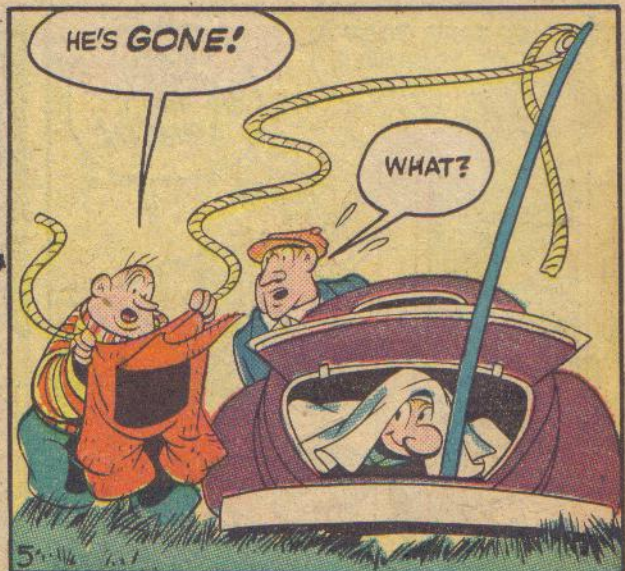
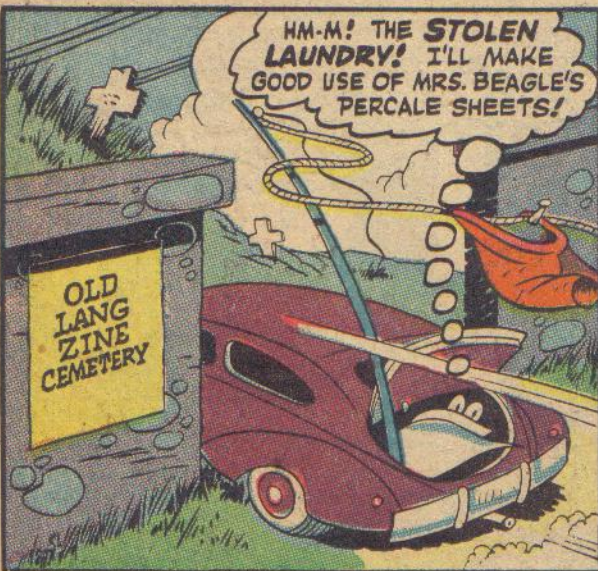
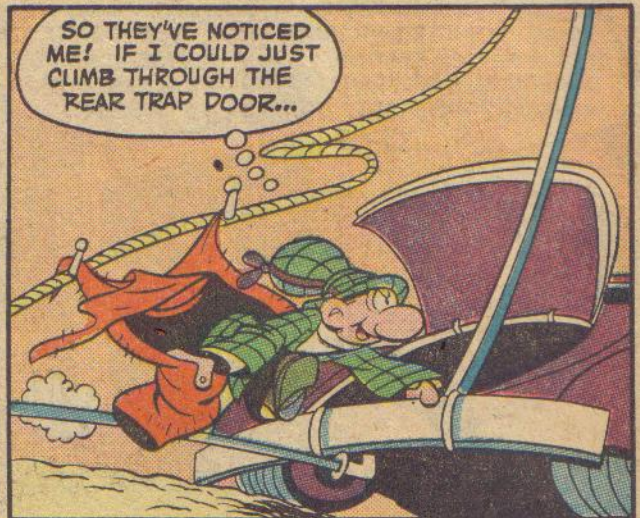
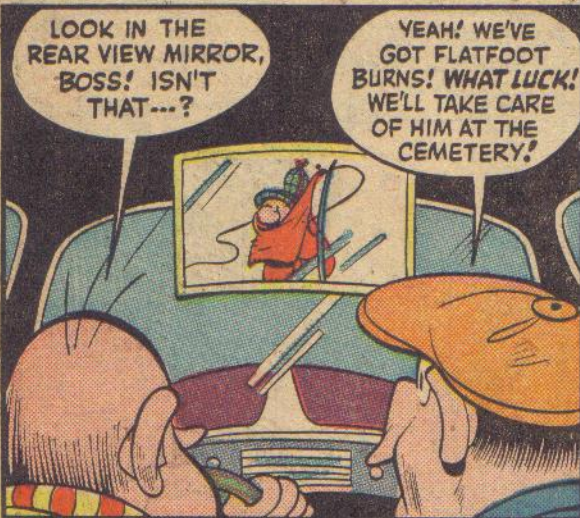
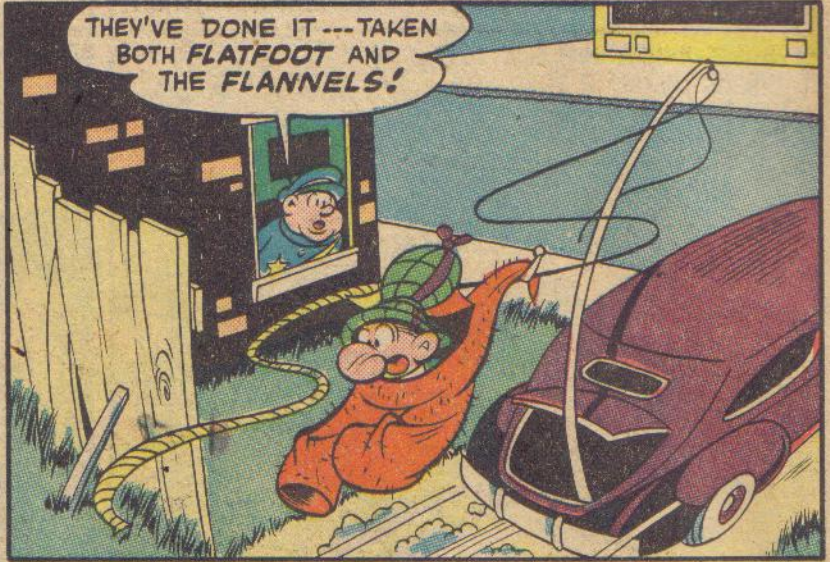


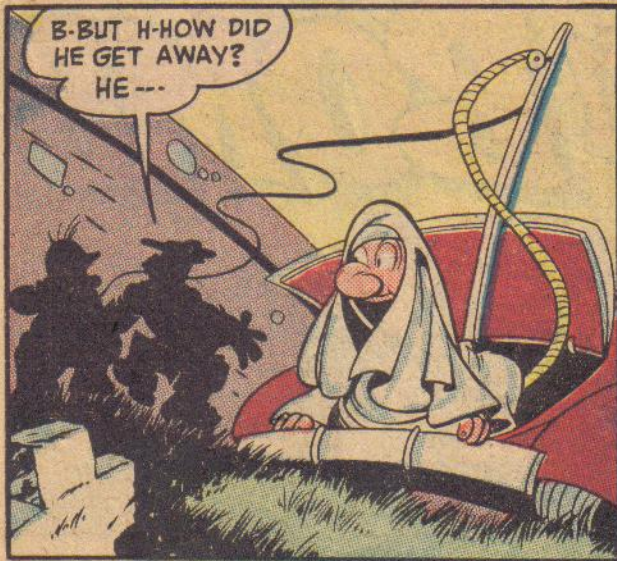




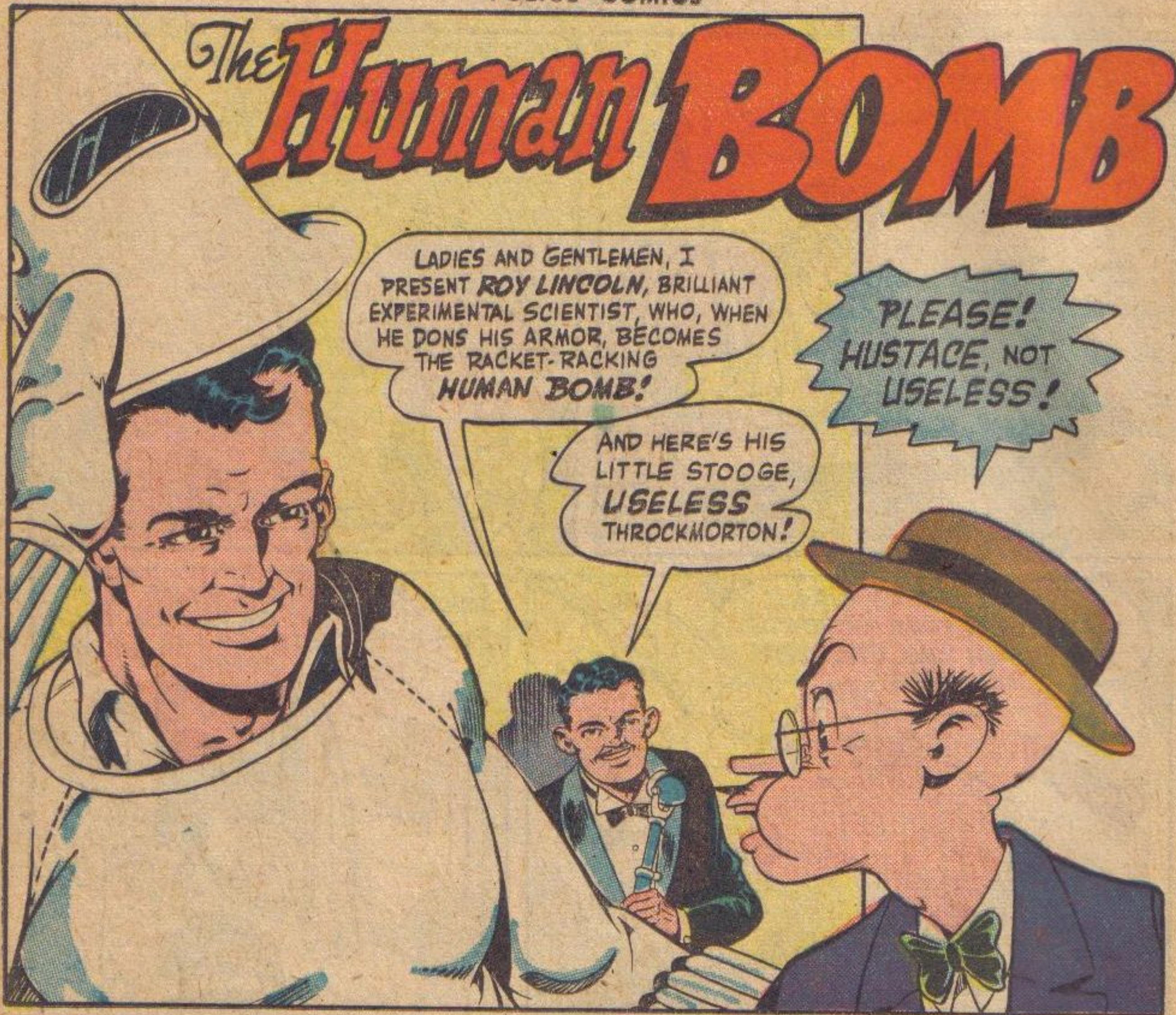


POLICE COMICS





The Human BOMB



FLASH! THOUGH CROOKS CLEANED OUT THE CASH REGISTER AT THE **FORMEZ GROCERY**, THEY MISSED A HOARD OF \$20,000 WHICH MR. FORMEZ KEPT BEHIND THE BOXES IN HIS CANDY COUNTER---

GET A LOAD OF THIS! WE OVERLOOKED SOMETHING ON THAT STICK-UP!



RIGHT BACK WE GO TO PICK IT UP! HOLD OUT ON US, WILL HE?

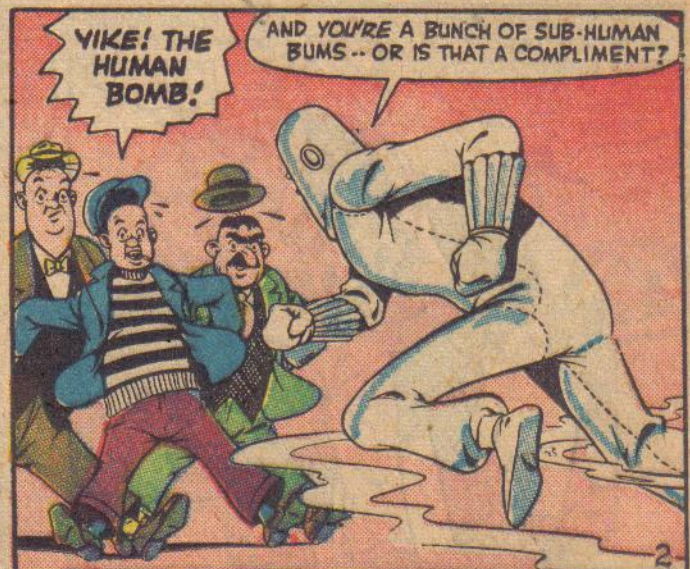
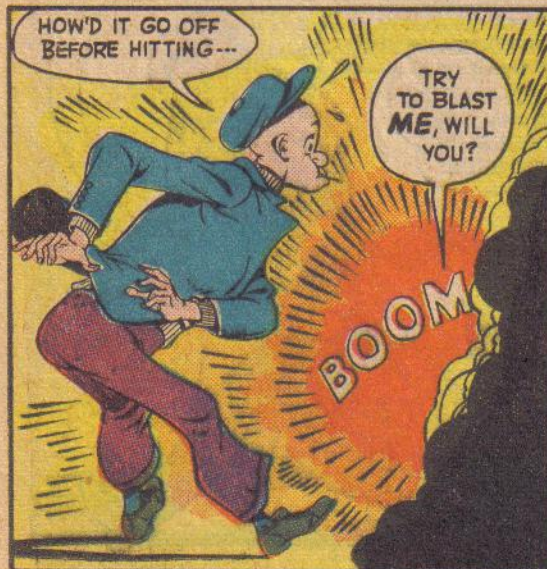
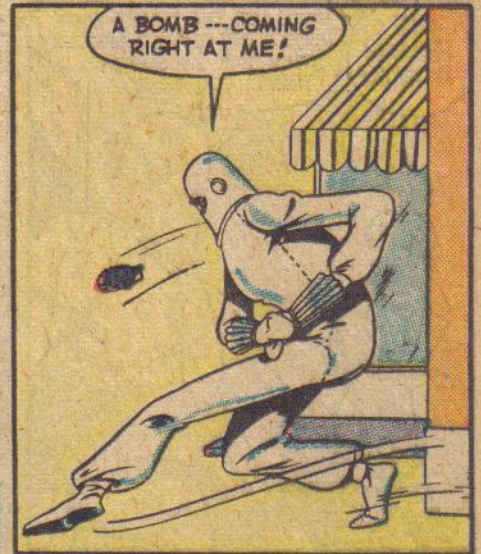
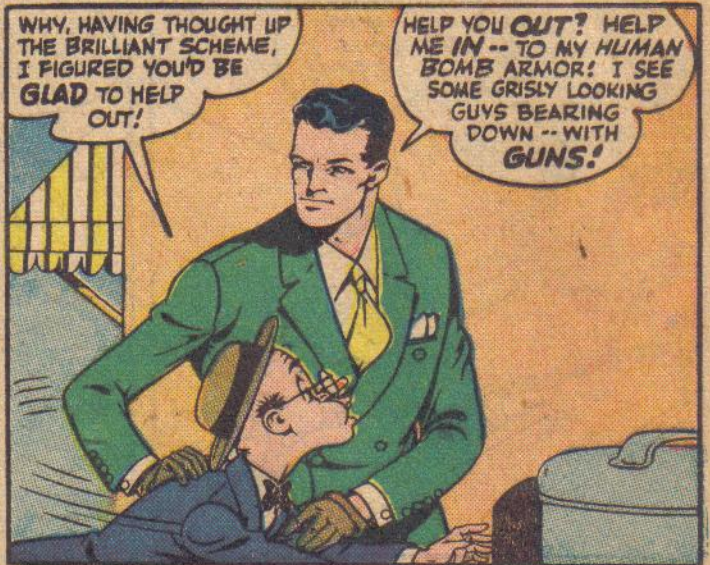


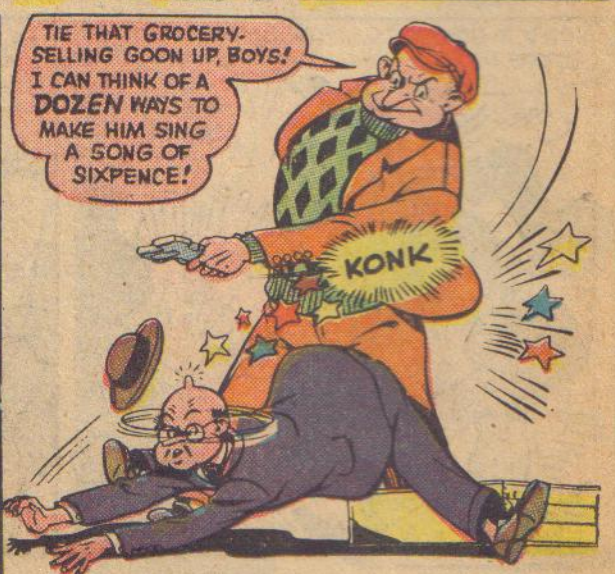
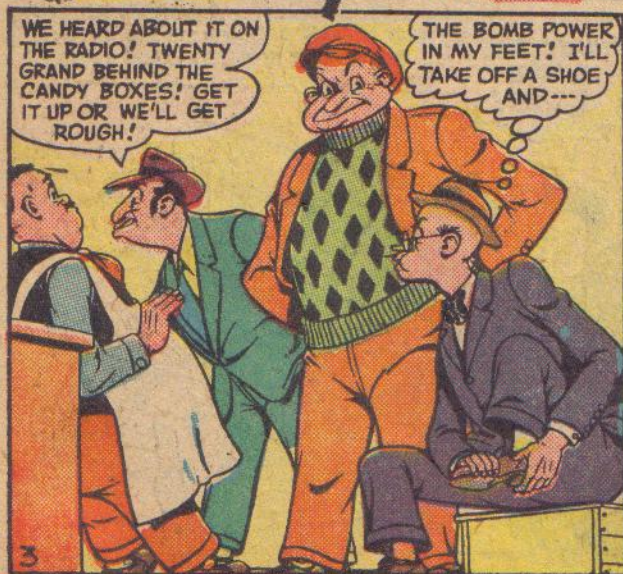
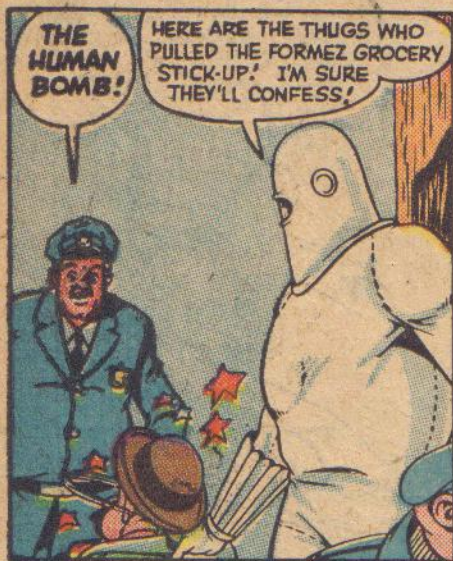
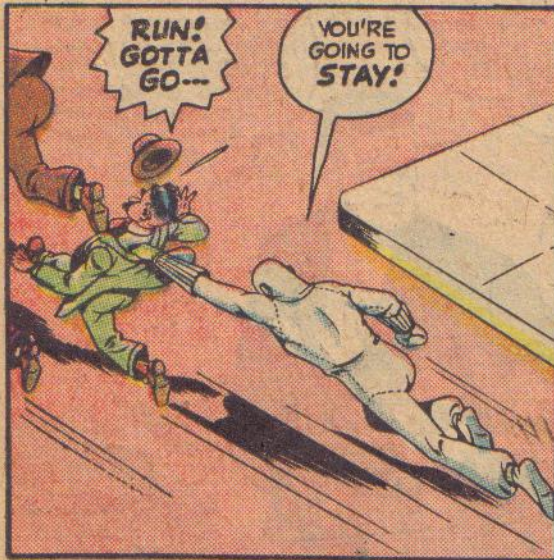
While, at the **FORMEZ GROCERY**...

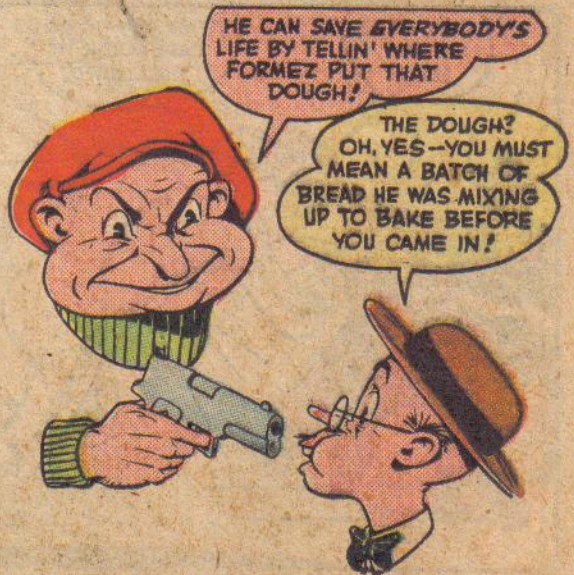
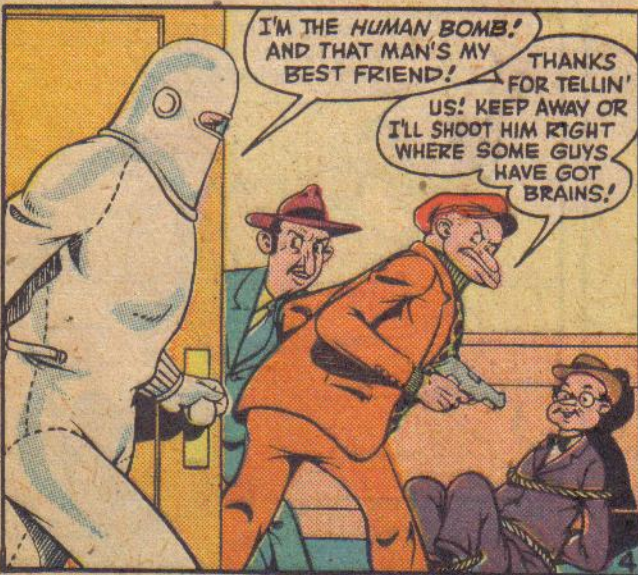
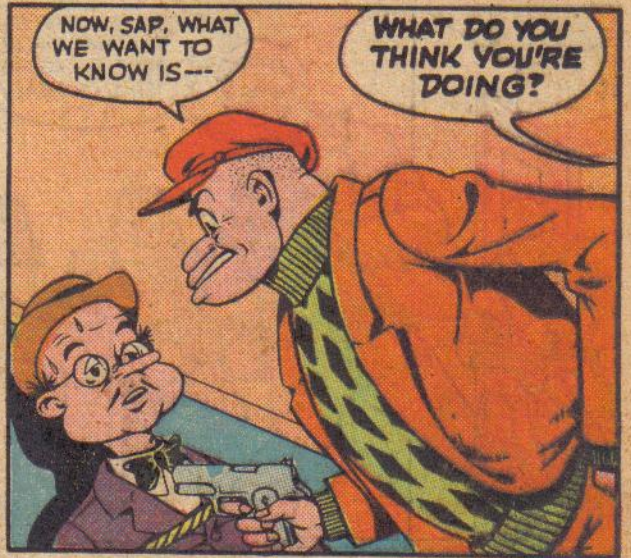
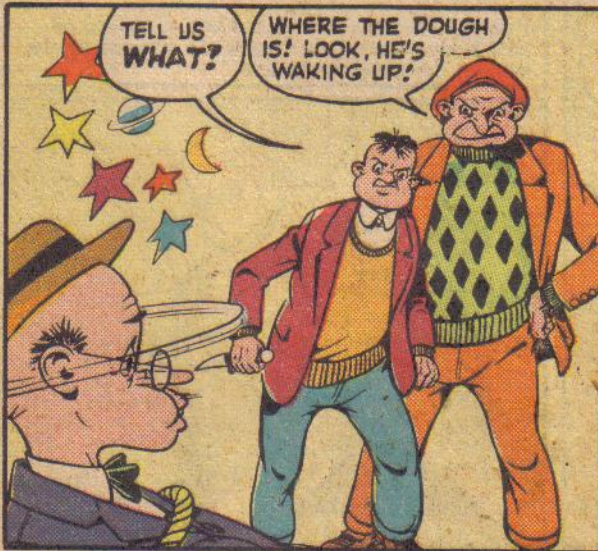
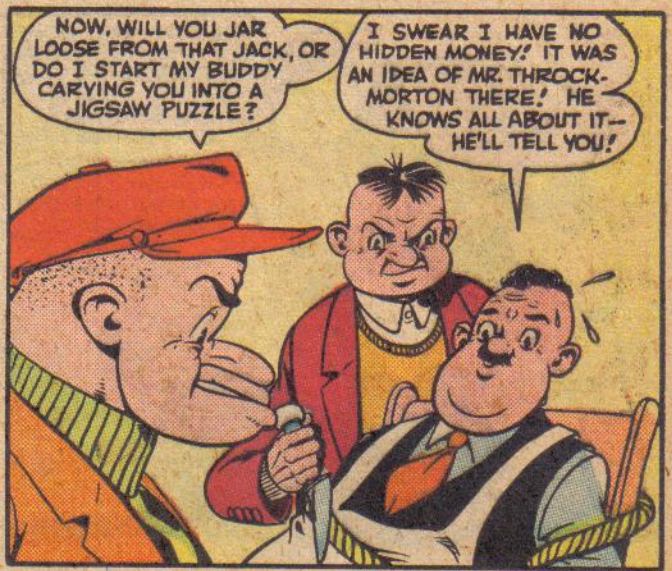
YOU GAVE THE REPORTERS THAT STATEMENT AS I TOLD YOU, MR. FORMEZ? GOOD! NOW---

HUSTACE!





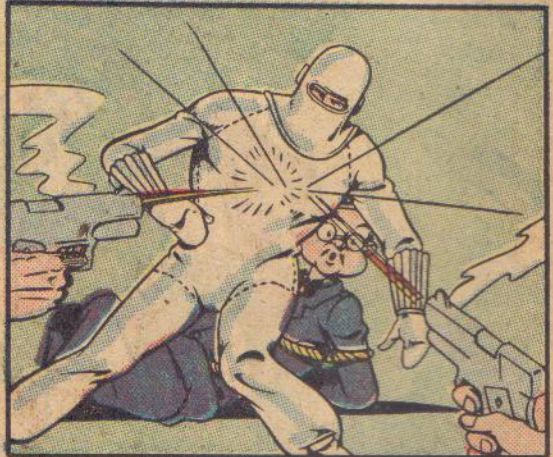


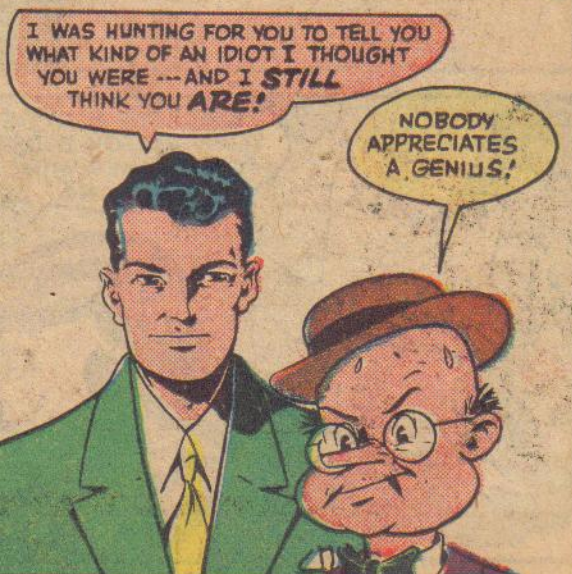
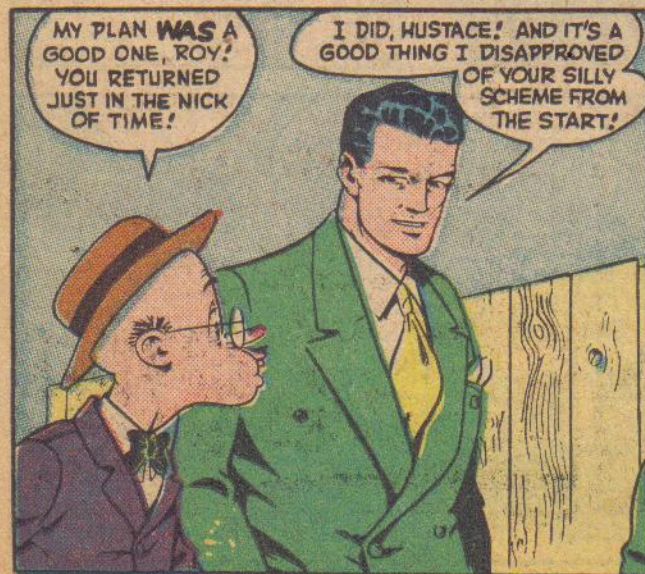
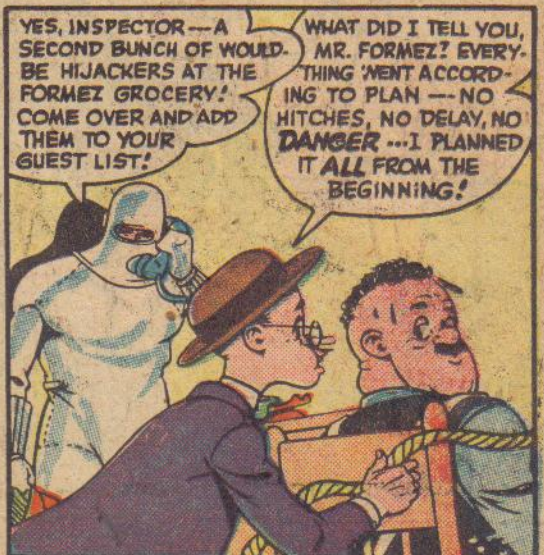
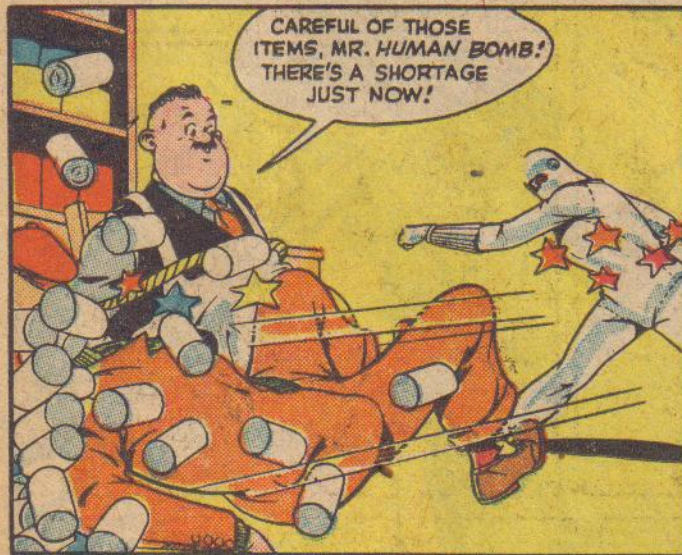
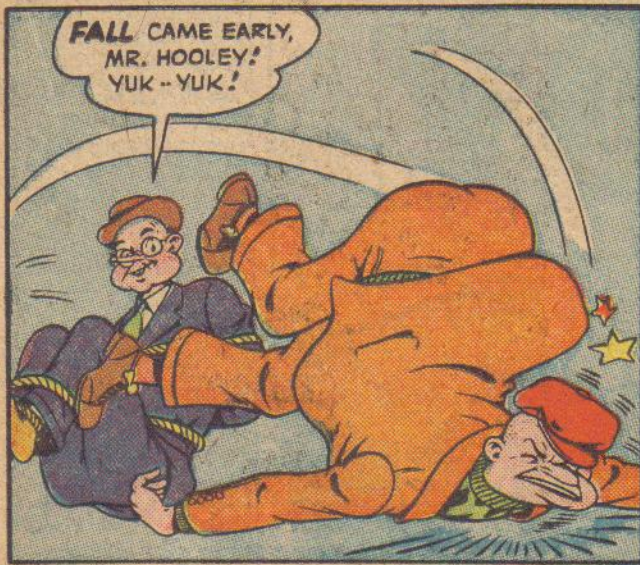


POLICE COMICS



But the *Human Bomb* makes a shield of his body ---his invulnerable armor again staves off destruction!





CANDY

YIPES!!
THERE'S A
DESPERATE
CHARACTER,
IF I EVER
SAW ONE!

VEAH! HE'S
PROBABLY CASIN'
THE JOINT RIGHT
NOW FOR A
HOLDUP!

GOSH, I'M
BROKE! I WONDER
IF "UNCLE" WOULD
GIVE ME A FIVE
DOLLAR LOAN
ON THIS
JUNK!

We give
LOANS
on ANYTHING

Just ask
to see
Uncle Max



WELL, LOOK AT LITTLE
TEDDY DAWSON BURSTING
OUT ALL OVER WITH
AMBITION!

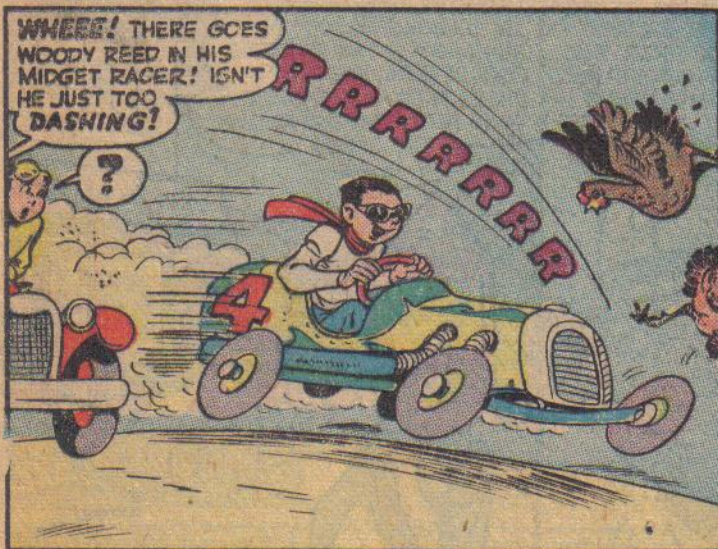
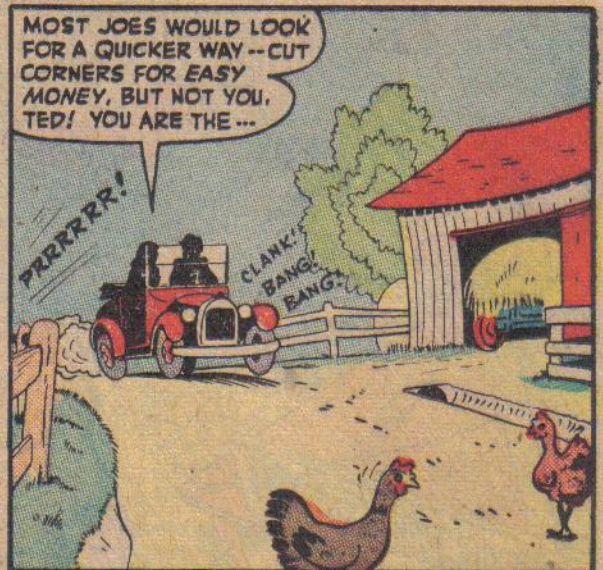
HI, CANDY! A BIG DEAL
IS COOKING WITH DAD AND
I'M LENDING A HAND SO THAT
I CAN TURN IN MY HEAP
FOR A REAL SUCK
JOB!

FOR SALE
DAWSON
REAL ESTATE
CO.

SOLD
DAWSON
REALTY CO.

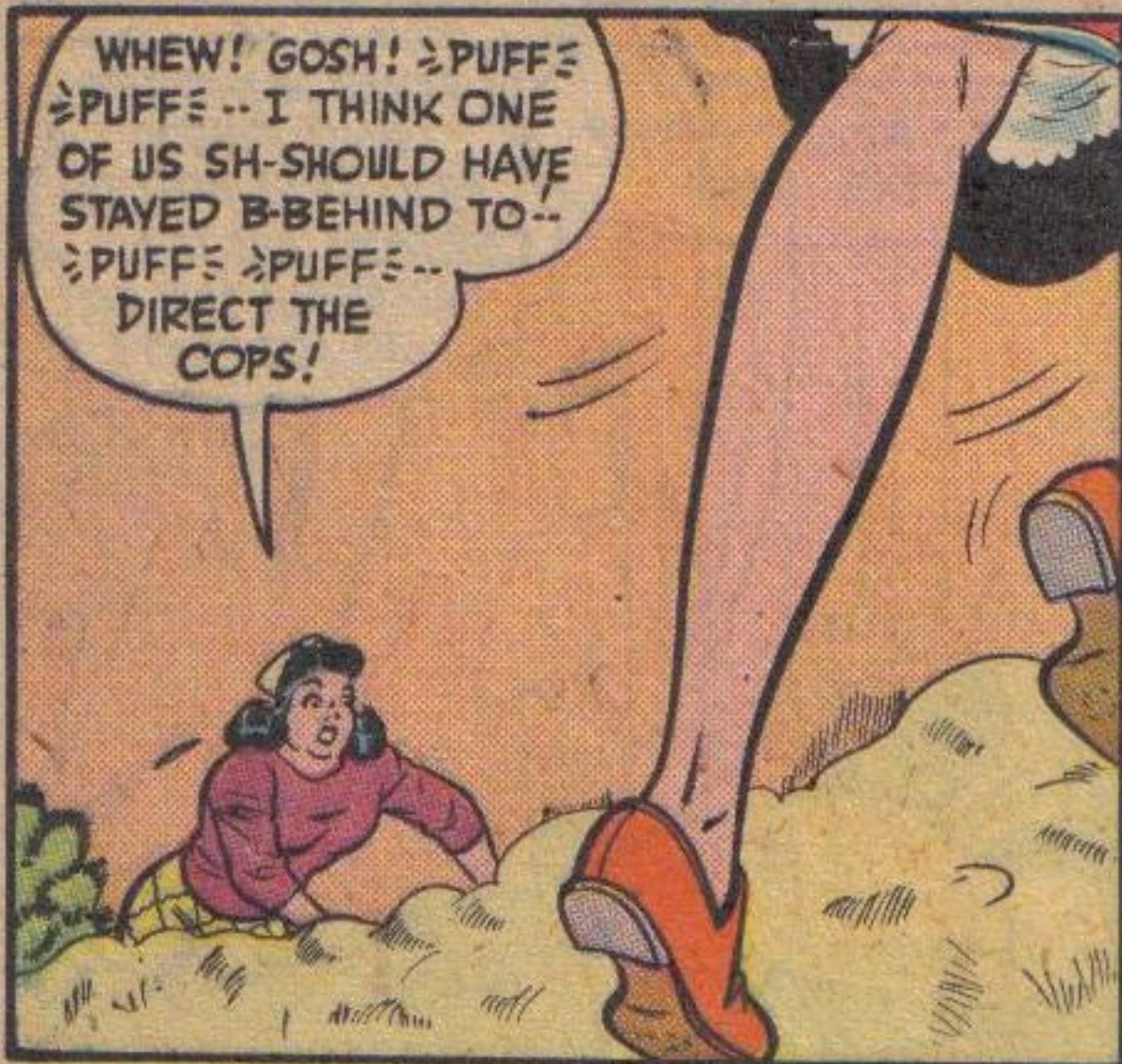
SOLD

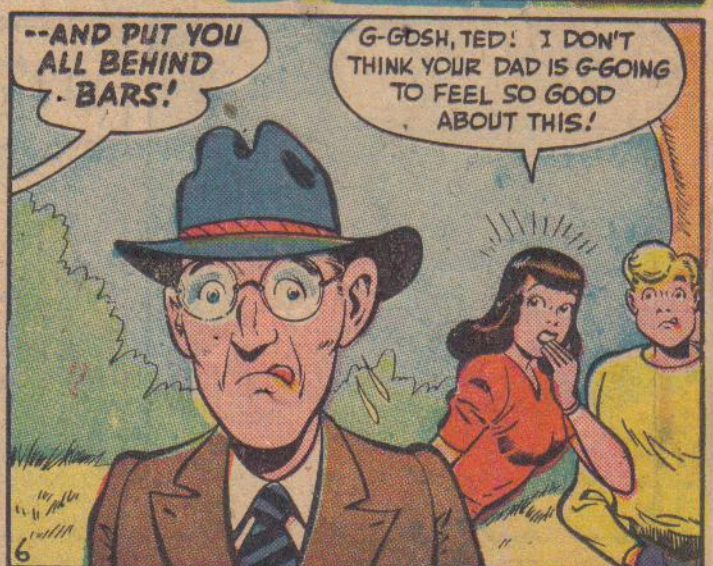
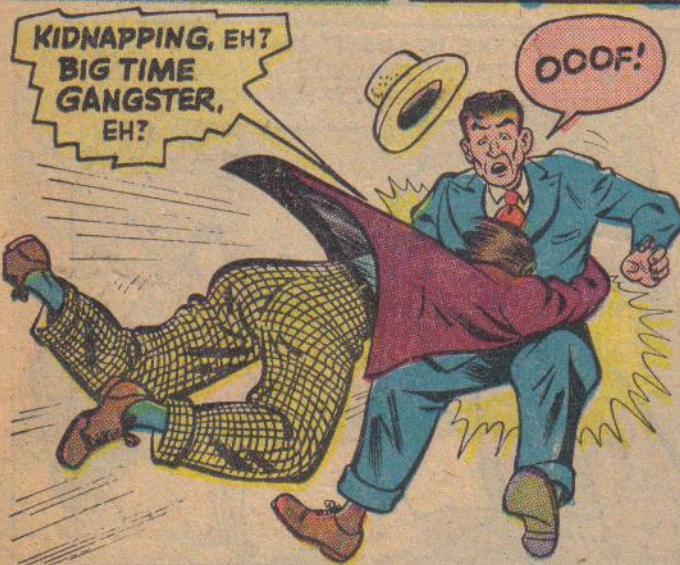




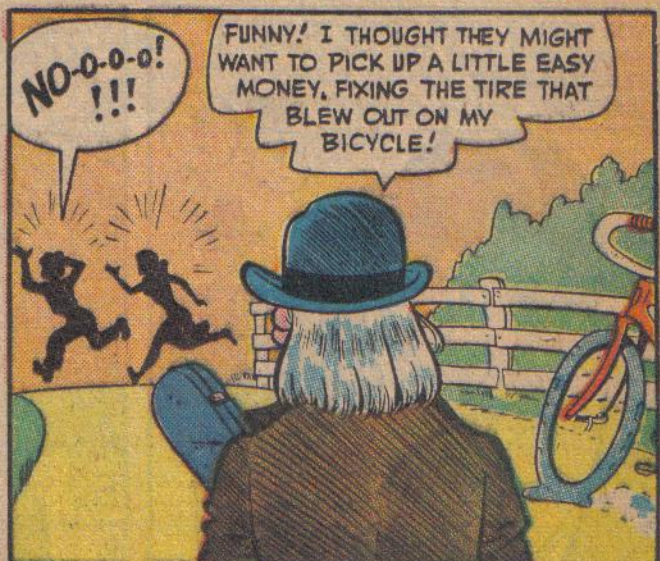
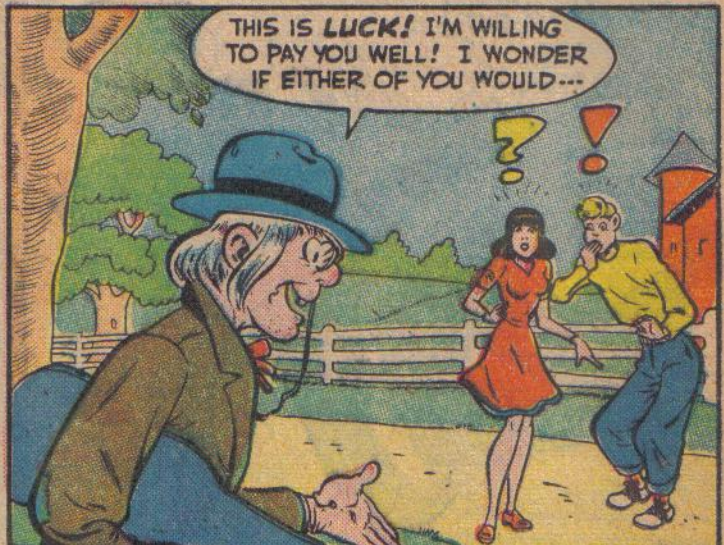


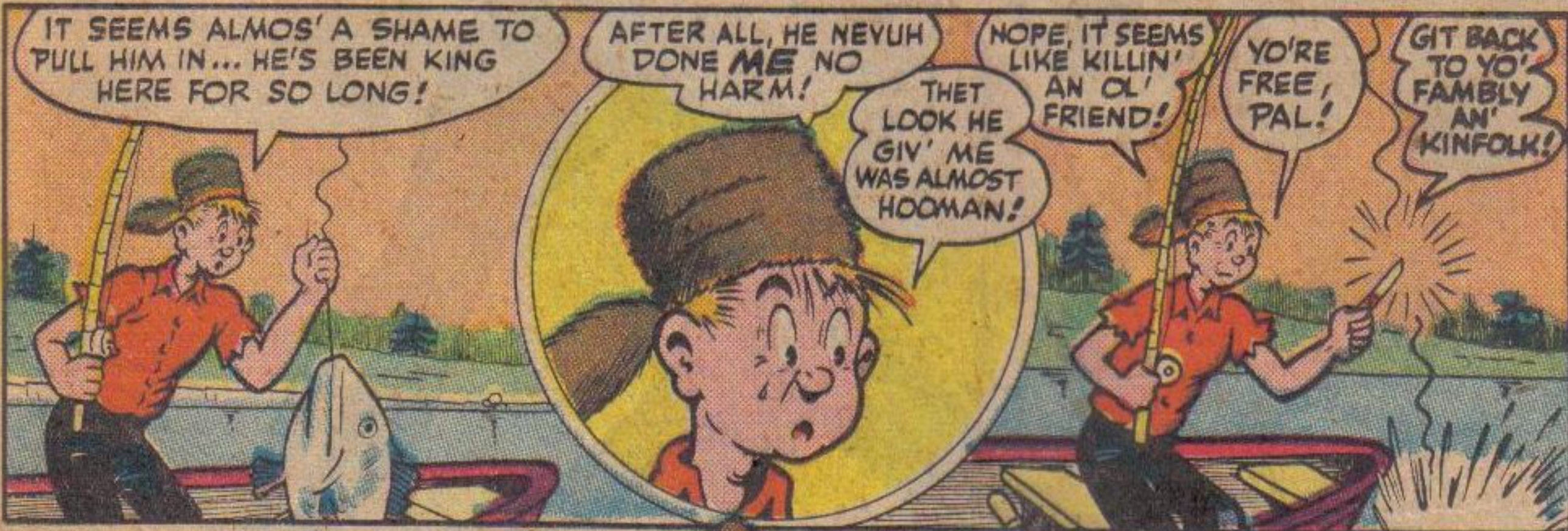
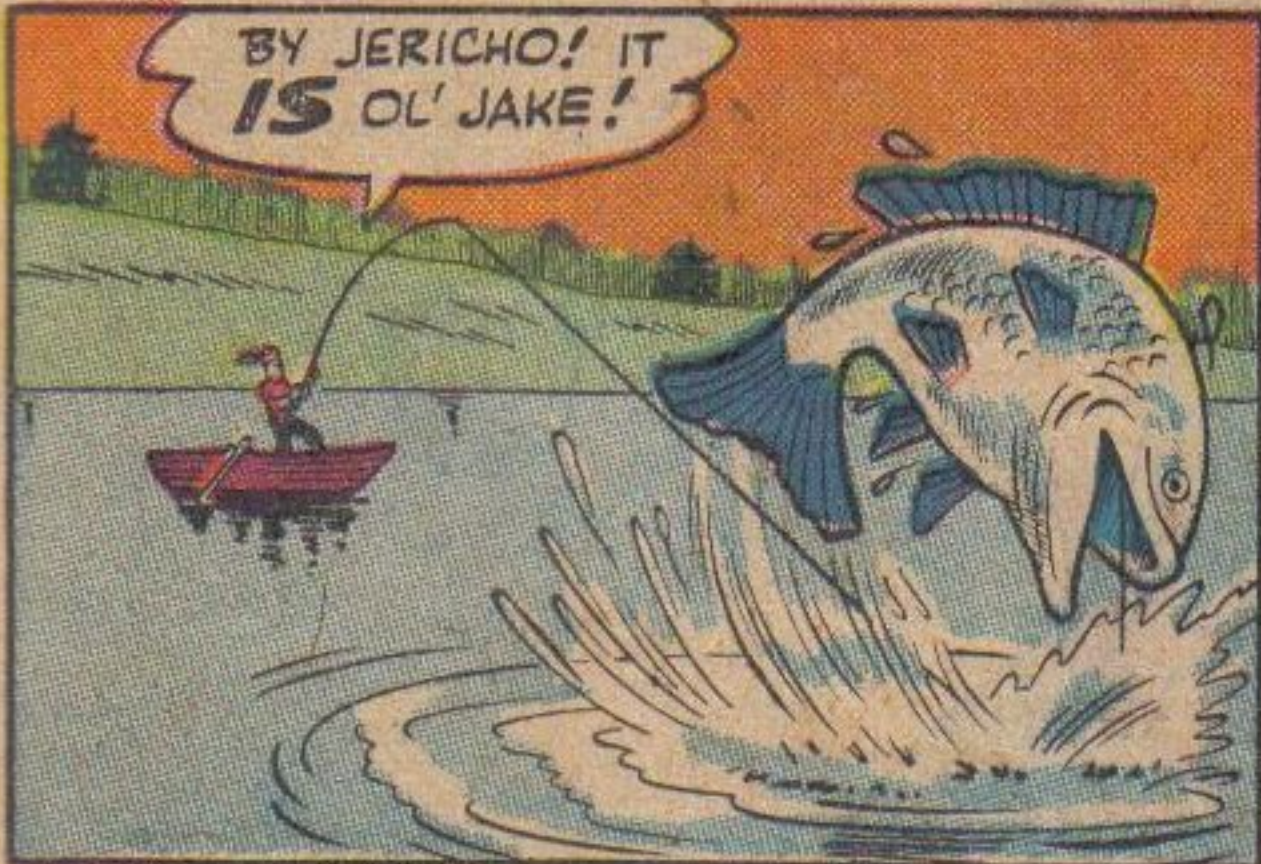






POLICE COMICS



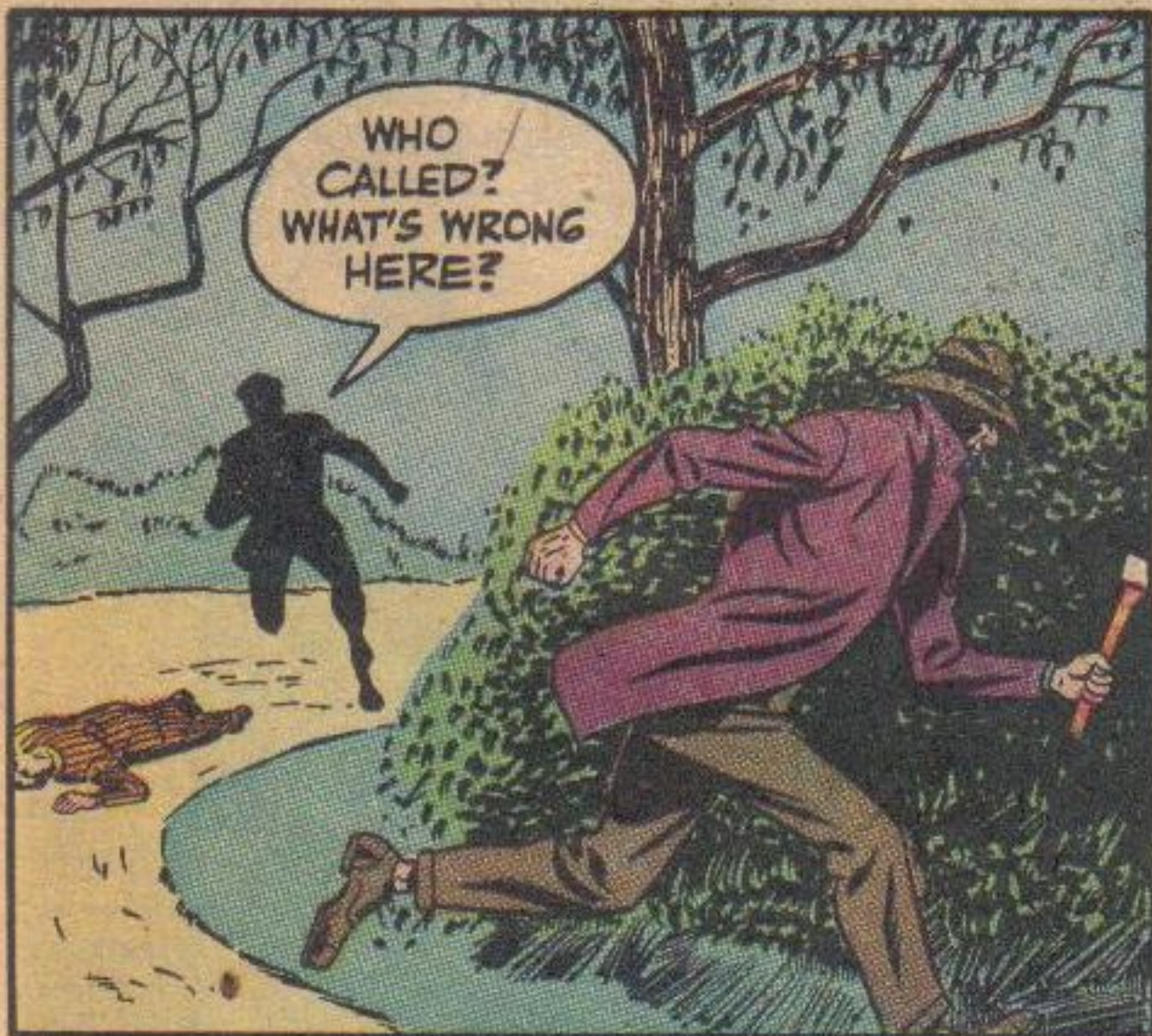
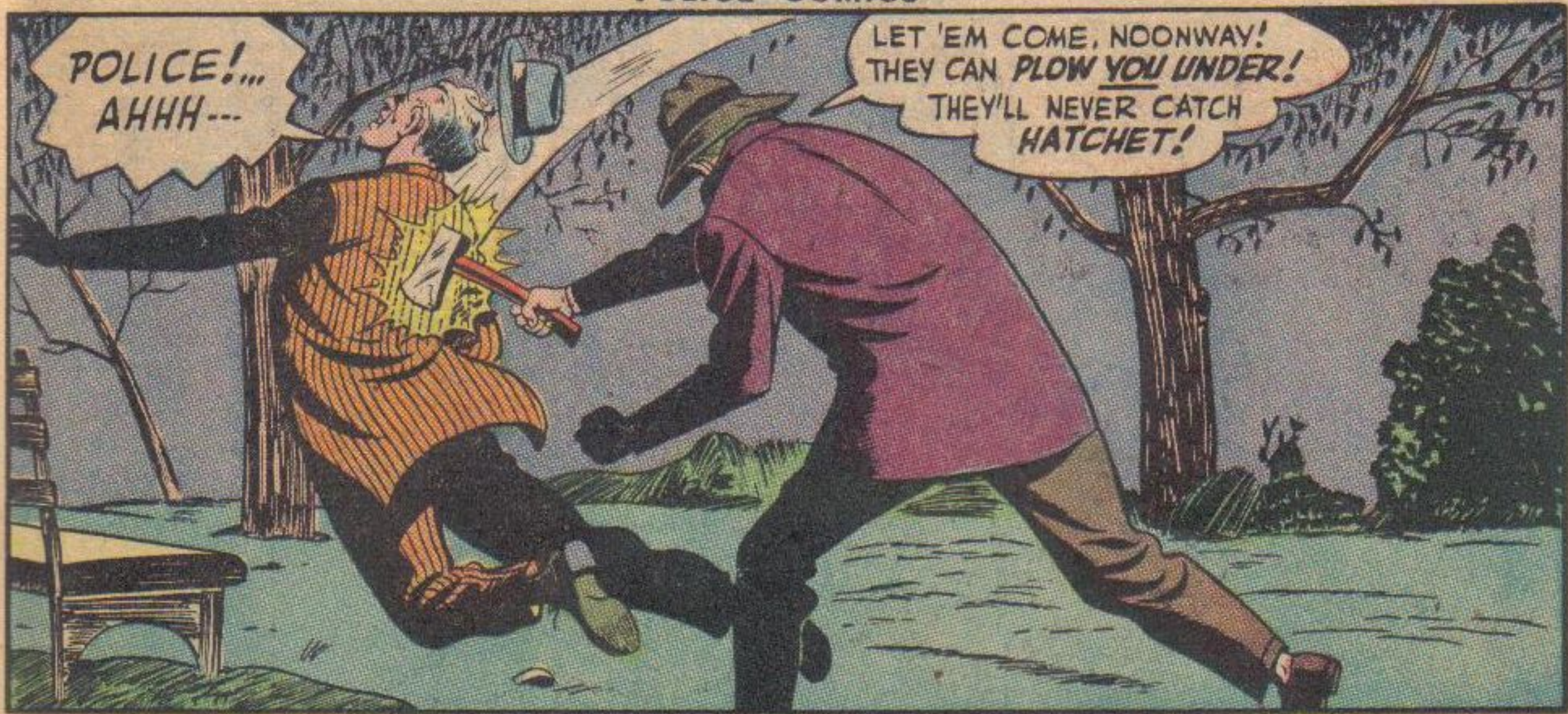


POLICE COMICS

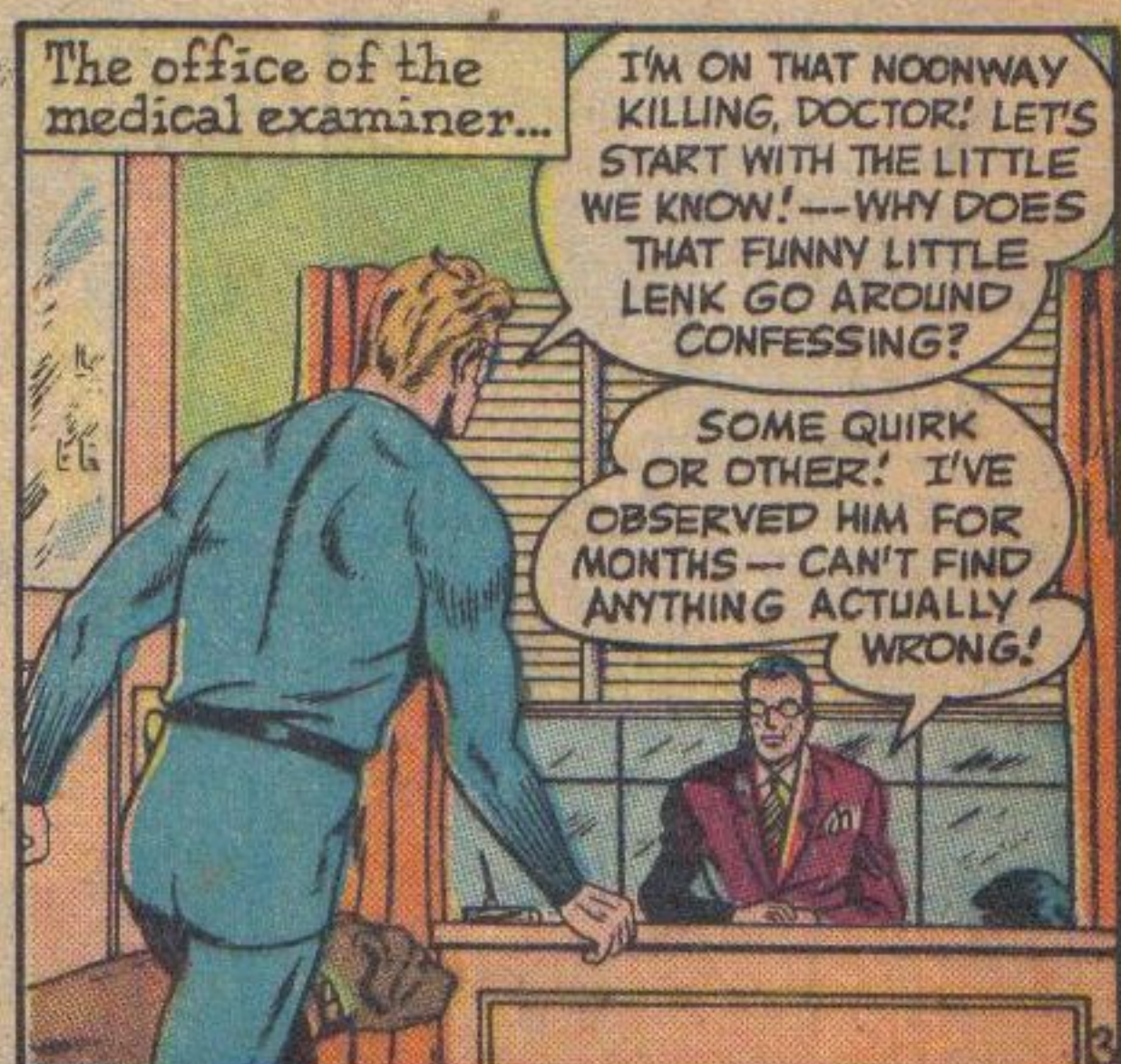
MANHUNTER

*Manhunter and Thor, the greatest crime-battling team on six legs, are an eternal menace to every challenger of law and order--including the killer who called himself **HATCHET!***



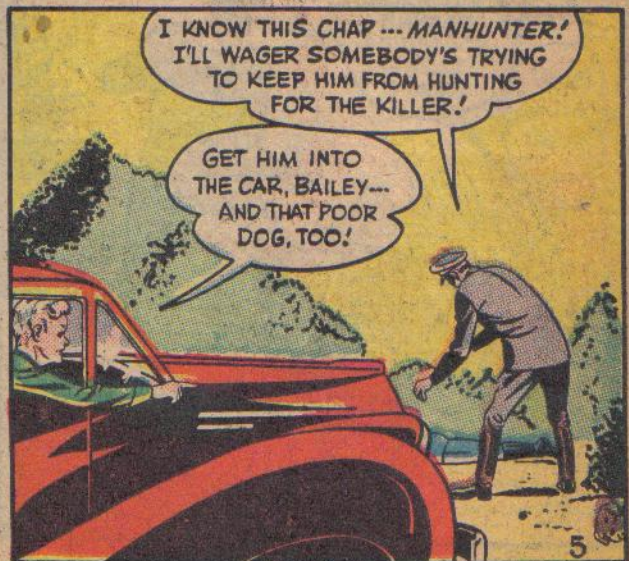
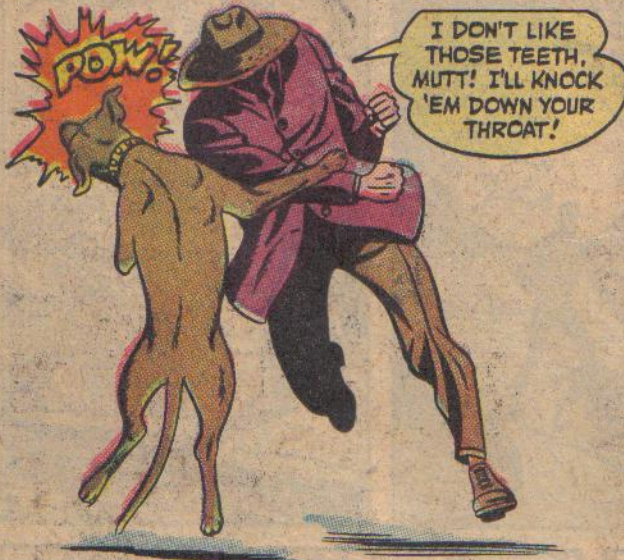


POLICE COMICS





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Manhunter revives in the Noonway house...

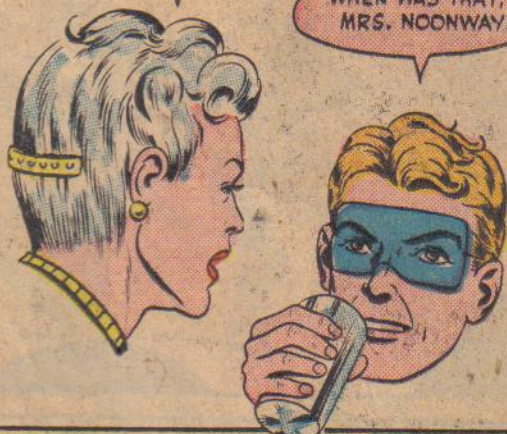
YOU WERE HURT TRYING TO AVENGE MY HUSBAND, MANHUNTER! I BROUGHT YOU HERE TO CARE FOR YOU!

I'M ALL RIGHT NOW, MRS. NOONWAY! TELL ME ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND! DO YOU KNOW WHETHER HE HAD ANY ENEMIES?



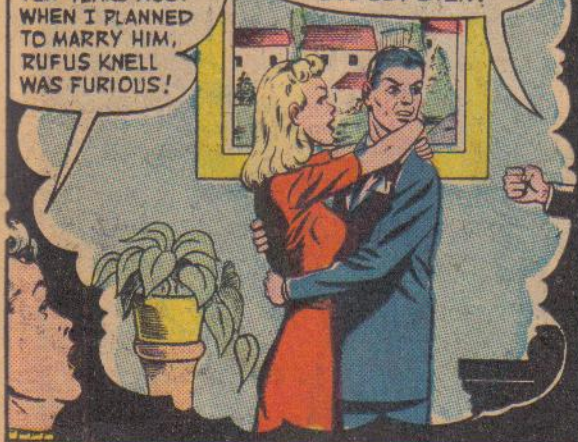
GOODNESS, NO! HE WAS THE KINDEST AND GENTLEST MAN I EVER KNEW! HE NEVER EVEN SPOKE SHARPLY TO ANYONE... EXCEPT ONE TIME THAT I REMEMBER!

WHEN WAS THAT, MRS. NOONWAY?



MR. NOONWAY AND I MET IN MY HOME TOWN DOWN SOUTH TEN YEARS AGO! WHEN I PLANNED TO MARRY HIM, RUFUS KNEEL WAS FURIOUS!

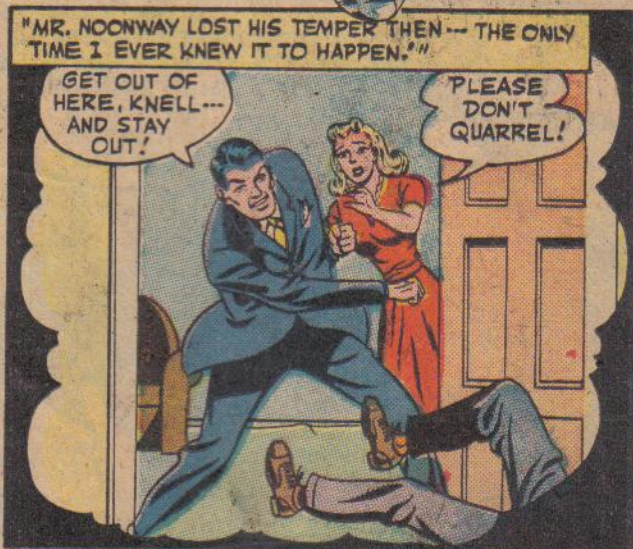
YOU TOOK MY GIRL AWAY FROM ME, NOONWAY, BUT YOU'LL WISH YOU HADN'T! I'LL GET EVEN!



"MR. NOONWAY LOST HIS TEMPER THEN -- THE ONLY TIME I EVER KNEW IT TO HAPPEN."

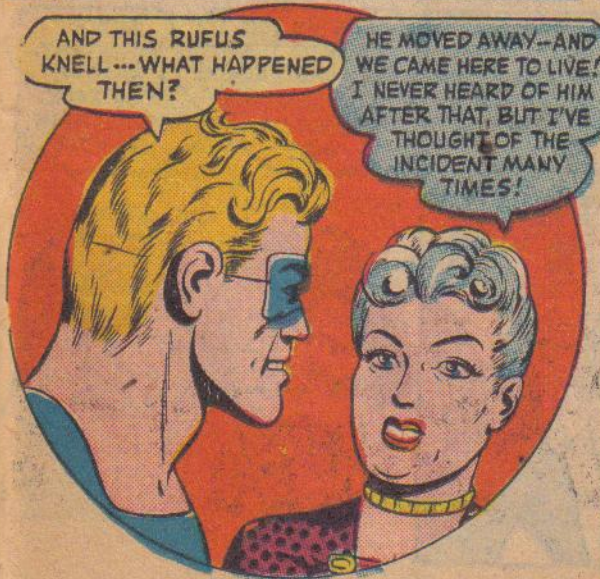
GET OUT OF HERE, KNEEL -- AND STAY OUT!

PLEASE DON'T QUARREL!



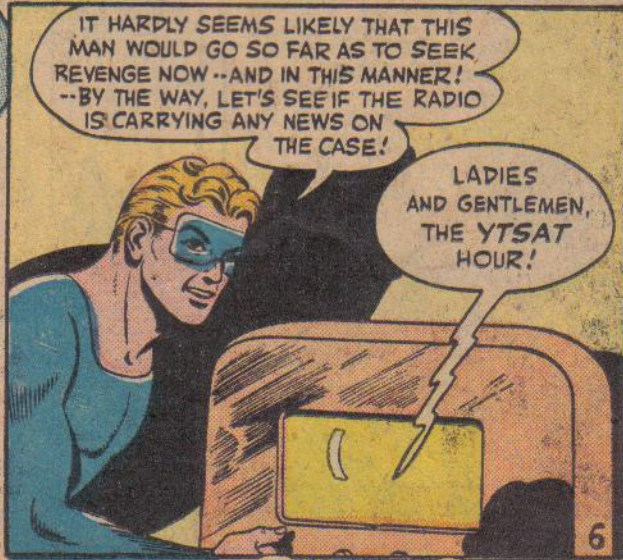
AND THIS RUFUS KNEEL -- WHAT HAPPENED THEN?

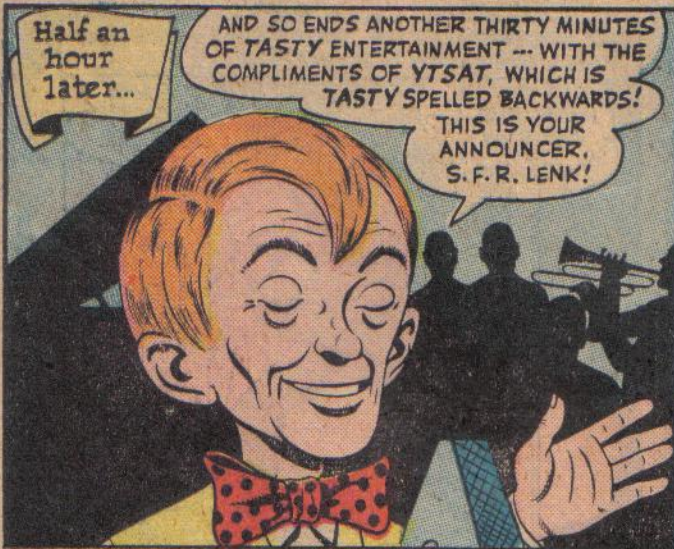
HE MOVED AWAY -- AND WE CAME HERE TO LIVE! I NEVER HEARD OF HIM AFTER THAT, BUT I'VE THOUGHT OF THE INCIDENT MANY TIMES!

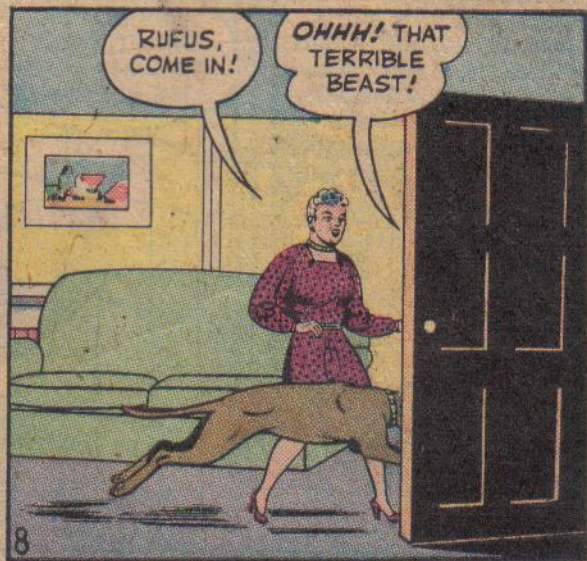
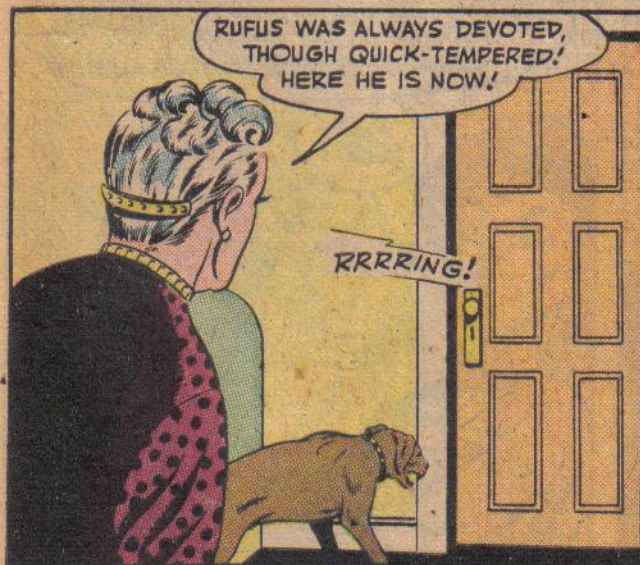
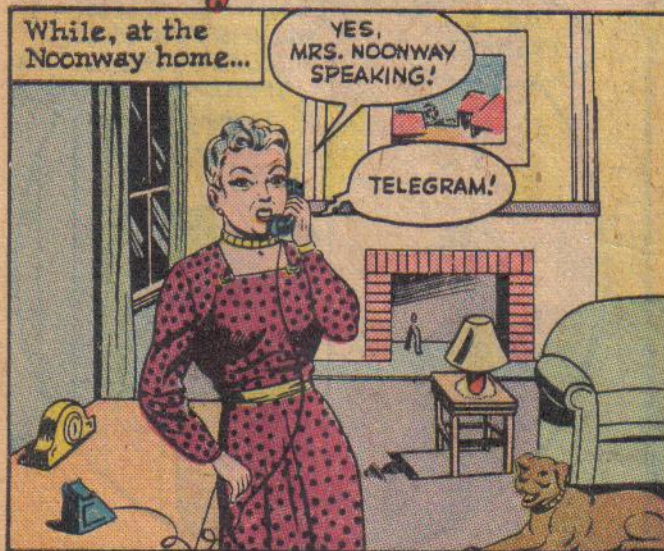
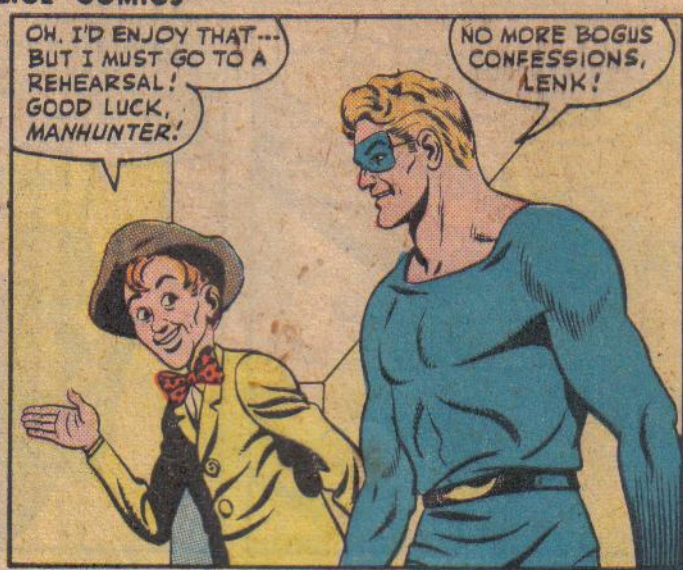
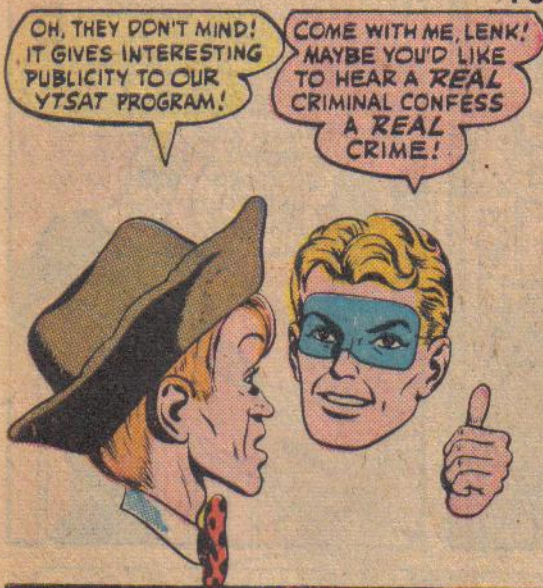


IT HARDLY SEEMS LIKELY THAT THIS MAN WOULD GO SO FAR AS TO SEEK REVENGE NOW -- AND IN THIS MANNER! -- BY THE WAY, LET'S SEE IF THE RADIO IS CARRYING ANY NEWS ON THE CASE!

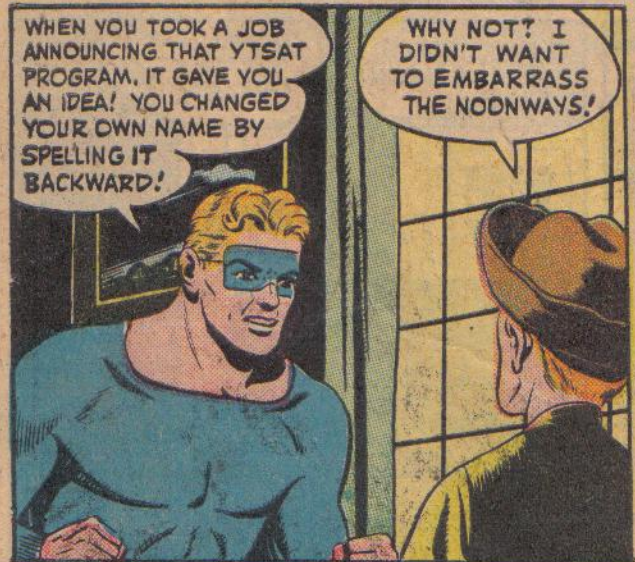
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE YTSAT HOUR!







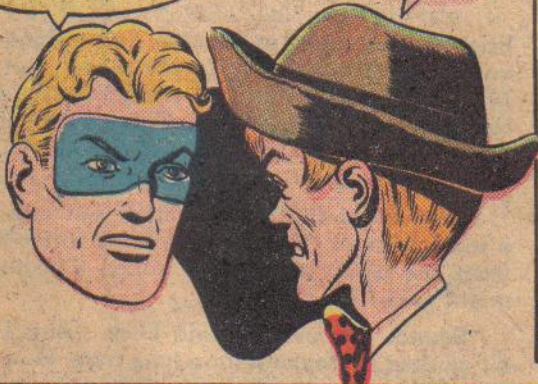
POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

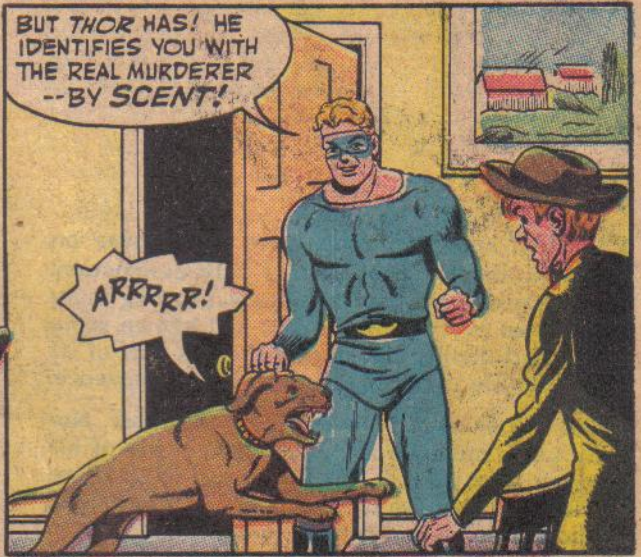
YOU PRETENDED TO BE A CRACKPOT--
MADE *BOGUS* CONFESSIONS THAT YOU
KNEW WOULDN'T HOLD WATER--
SO THAT YOU COULD CONFESS
AND COVER UP THE *REAL*
CRIME WHEN YOU
COMMITTED IT!

MERE
GUESSWORK!
YOU HAVEN'T
PROVED
ANYTHING!

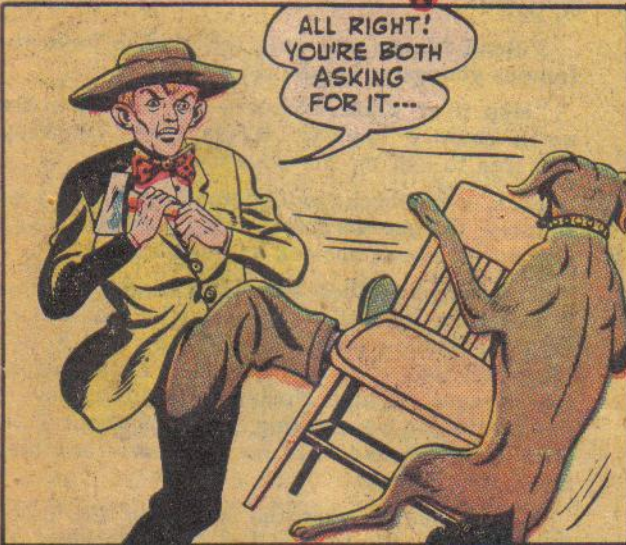


BUT THOR HAS! HE
IDENTIFIES YOU WITH
THE *REAL* MURDERER
--BY *SCENT*!

ARRRRR!

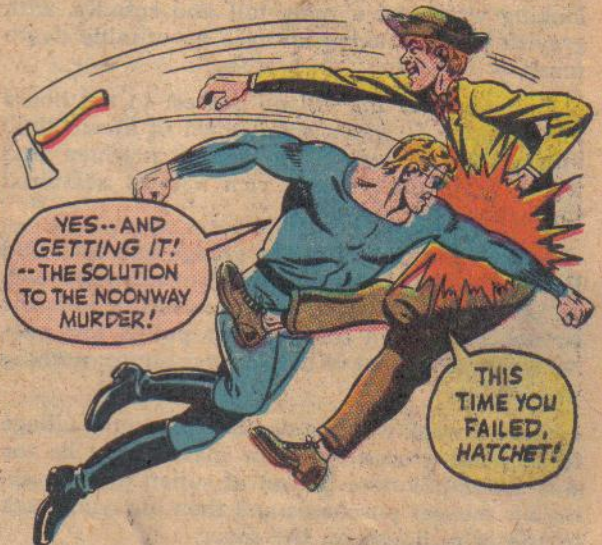


ALL RIGHT!
YOU'RE BOTH
ASKING
FOR IT...



YES--AND
GETTING IT!
--THE SOLUTION
TO THE NOONWAY
MURDER!

THIS
TIME YOU
FAILED,
HATCHET!



HE PLANNED TO POSE AS
A SYMPATHETIC OLD ADMIRER,
MRS. NOONWAY! I PRESUME
HE HOPED TO MARRY YOU
AND NOONWAY'S FORTUNE!

COME ON YOU! AND
NEVER MIND THE
CONFESSION THIS
TIME --WE GOT
ENOUGH ON YOU
WITHOUT IT!



And so Dan Richards
is no longer under
Suspension....

MY APOLOGIES, RICHARDS!
LENK WAS THE KILLER,
AFTER ALL!
MAN-
HUNTER
TRIPPED
HIM UP!

YES!... MANHUNTER IS
CONSTANTLY GETTING
ME OUT OF JAMS,
ISN'T HE,
CAPTAIN?



THE BUTCHER

IT WAS known commonly as "the house on the moor". That was its only designation. It had stood more than a century, growing more dilapidated every year. Once it had known some charm and dignity but during the last half of its venerable life decay had set in with a vengeance.

Old Potter owned the house on the moor. Nobody knew much about Old Potter, either of his origin or what he did. Old Potter just lived, there in the ghostly house on the moor, with two huge staghounds and one serving man whom people liked to call *walking death*. He was a cadaverous looking wraith of a man, tall and spindly, with grayish pallor making his face a veritable death mask.

Gatamar was the village nearest to the house in the moor. It was a small town of about 2000 inhabitants, all of whom were tradesmen and workers on the various rich estates scattered throughout the shire.

Few of the people of the village had seen Old Potter closely. He kept away from town as much as possible. And when he did venture into the streets, he wore a soft felt hat pulled low over his forehead so that of his features almost nothing was visible.

Once a week walking death came to the village to shop for groceries for his master. But he too was a non-talkative person of sullen mien, making his meager purchases and then hurrying back to the grim house on the moor.

It was on the night of January 3rd that the Bentley boy, Tad, vanished. He had been playing cops and robbers with some of the other boys and had dashed into a clump of bracken at the edge of town to hide. Some of the boys ran after him, calling. They called and searched all that night. When the boy didn't return home in the morning, his parents became alarmed and called in the police.

The police force of Gatamar consisted of a constable and two deputies. Since nothing ever happened in the village, they were not very alert and spent most of their time in the back room of the station playing checkers.

Tad's disappearance gave the town something of a start. It was the first time something big had happened. It got the constable and his two deputies away from their eternal checker game. A search was instituted in which half the town eventually joined, but of Tad there was no clue.

His parents were frantic. At last his father, a

brick mason, went to London and visited a private detective agency. It happened that Dick Mace, a young American criminologist, was at this time visiting his friend, Toland Means, head of the Means Detective Agency, upon which Mr. Bentley called.

Mace heard the frantic father out and asked a few questions. There was nothing to be learned from the older man. Mace asked Toland if he might take the case.

"Sounds interesting," said Dick. "And I haven't worked in England for a long time. How about it, pal?"

Toland Means was only too glad to have the famous youngster handle the case.

"Hop to it, Dick. I have a big job up in the north country anyway. If you need anything, feel free to call on the boys here."

Dick went back to Gatamar with old man Bentley. On the way, something was said about the stories about ancient haunted houses.

The next day, Dick Mace was deep in the lore of Gatamar, but especially that which had to do with the ancient house inhabited by Old Potter. Dick first looked up the history of Potter, which was meager enough. No one seemed to have a line on the old boy. Asking questions about town, Dick soon learned that no one knew anything about the old man.

He decided to visit the house on the moor. So, renting a bright red Fiat one afternoon, he drove into the dismal, swampy moor where stood the ugly old house. He had to park almost a block away from the front door. When he pulled the huge knocker, he thought he heard a stealthy sound within but no one answered. He pulled again, and the strident echoes went resounding through the big house and out across the misty moor.

"Creepy place, this," he said to himself. Then the door opened a crack. A single bleery eye peered out at him. "Well," said a voice from a tomb. "Whadya want?"

Dick introduced himself. "I'd like a few words with Mr. Potter," he said.

"He don't want any words with you," replied the eerie voice. "Go away."

"But I insist," said Dick. "I wish to come in for a moment."

The door opened farther and the ghost held a skinny hand pointed toward a door across the

hall. Dick opened it and stepped through. He found himself in a large gloomy room, damp and musty. Ancient horse-hair furniture stood about in attitudes of despair.

"What do you want?" asked a throaty voice suddenly almost at his elbow. Dick jumped, turning. A man muffled in a shroud-like robe stood facing him. A hat pulled low covered most of his face.

"I'm Dick Mace, from America. Always been interested in these old houses. Thought you might show me around a bit."

"This is not a museum," said the deep voice. "Nothing here is on vulgar display. I'll thank you to take yourself off at once."

"Oh, well, if you feel that way—" Dick started for the door. Then he said, "Could be that I'll be back."

"Don't," warned the voice. "Stay away from here."

Dick left. That night Jimmy Carruthers disappeared from his front lawn.

The town was in a turmoil. Nothing like this had ever happened before. Parents kept their children under close watch, not letting them out the following night. But with all their vigilance, another boy vanished on his way to the grocer's.

The mystery pretty well had Dick baffled. Where could the kids have vanished to? The house on the moor? That old house kept appearing in his thoughts. What about Old Potter? What would he want, kidnapping those youngsters? There were no ransom notes demanding money for the return of those children.

Dick made up his mind to haunt the house on the moor without its occupants knowing anything about it. And that night he set out afoot for the bleak, forbidding moors. There was no moon and the cold was bitter. He had noticed that the rear of the Potter estate abutted on an estuary of a small river that itself emptied into the sea, a mile away.

He headed for the river, shivering with the cold. There was no wind and when he reached the estuary, he could see little. But he heard a sound. Edging along toward it, he became aware that a boat was moored somewhere nearby. He could tell by the sounds that it was a boat. Then he heard whispered voices. And the sounds of heavy objects being hoisted aboard.

It was too dark to make out anything. Dick stood there listening, trying to put the sounds together. He wished the moon would come out.

He began edging nearer the sounds, and at last he found a small wharf. A hand truck was being pushed along the wharf, causing the boards to give forth protesting sounds. Something heavy

was on that truck. But what? He could get no nearer, and he feared that he might stumble and give away his position. That wouldn't do, he knew. Something illicit was going on, and he meant to find out. He knew for certain that it had something to do with Old Potter and the vanishing children.

When the sound of loading ceased, he slunk away and went back to the village. Tomorrow he'd visit Old Potter again.

Sharp at two o'clock, he pulled the heavy brass knocker again. Twice. Then the door opened and the bleary-eyed serving man peered out at him. This time he swung the door fully open and bade him enter. Dick stepped inside. "Where's Mr. Potter?" he demanded.

Walking death didn't reply. He turned and strode down the hall, going through a door and closing it with a slam behind him. Well—

Dick wandered down the hall and through the door. The hall led straight to the back of the house. Doors opened off it on either side. At the farthest end, an open door led to a basement stairway. Dick went down, holding a flashlight in one hand and a gun in the other. At the bottom he found himself in a large cellar room, empty. From a closed door he heard sounds of low talking. He knocked. No answer. He pushed the door open. The sight that met his eyes caused him to gasp. Old Potter stood at a bench over which hung a glaring electric lamp. The old man was drenched in gore from hands to feet. He was wielding a gleaming knife.

"Hey!" shouted Dick. Slowly the old man turned. Again Dick got a start. Potter looked like the Phantom of the Opera with his pasty face, beardless, and with great staring eyes. "What do you want?" he demanded gruffly.

"What are you doing?" asked Dick.

"Butchering," replied Old Potter indifferently.

"Butchering!" Dick had horrible visions!

"Where are the boys you've kidnaped?" Dick asked, keeping the gun covering the old man.

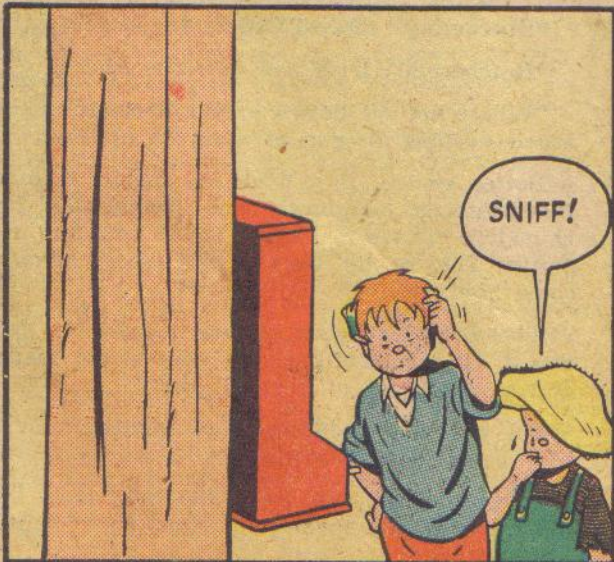
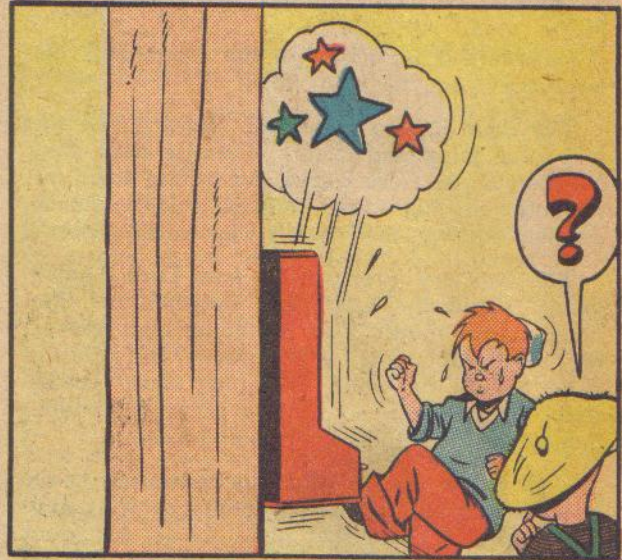
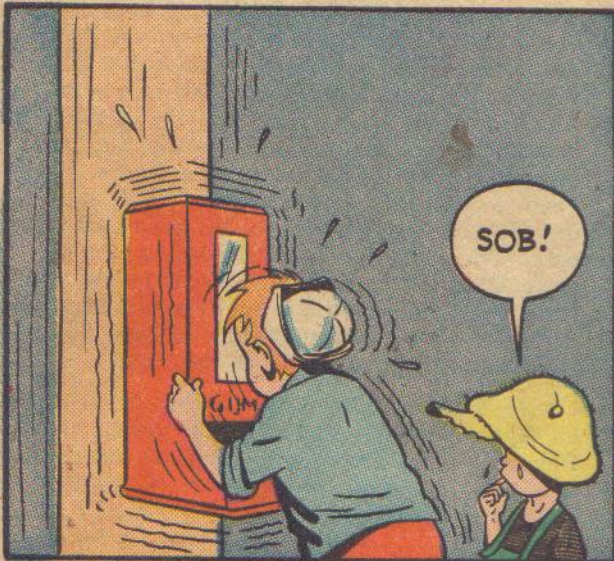
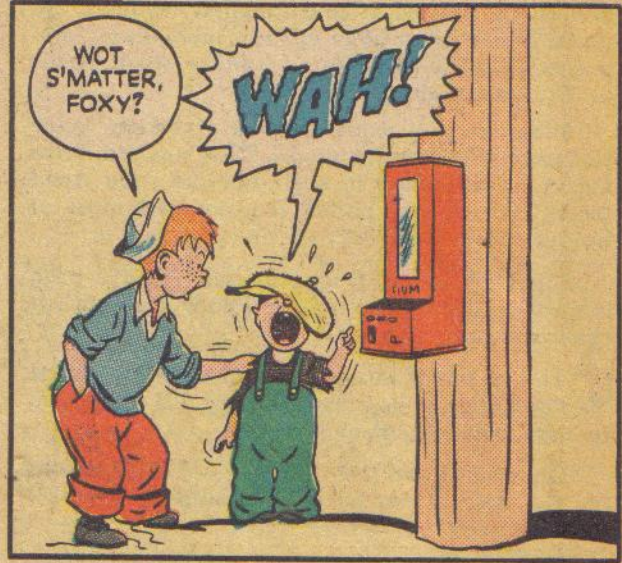
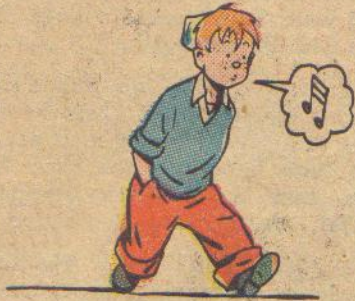
Potter smiled, if it could be called a smile that contorted his ghastly face. "Boys? Oh!" He chuckled. "That's it. I hired 'em to help find my cattle. They're up beyond the moor, herding some cows. Why?"

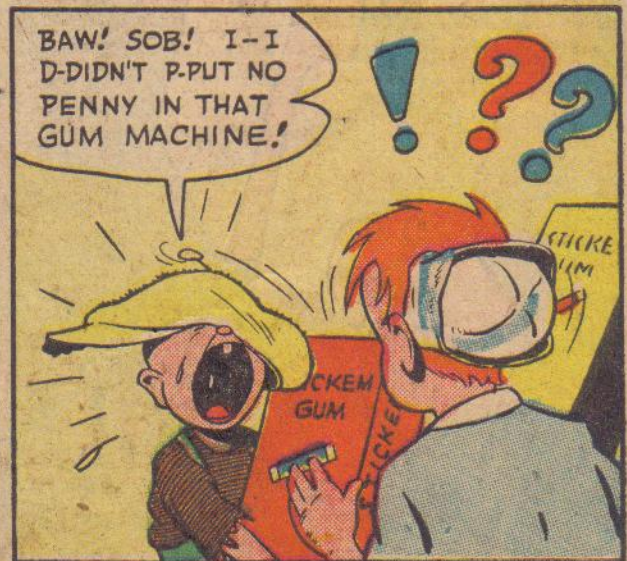
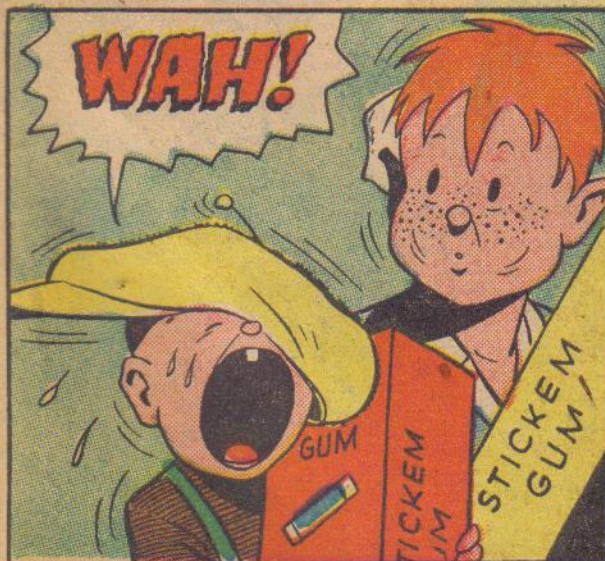
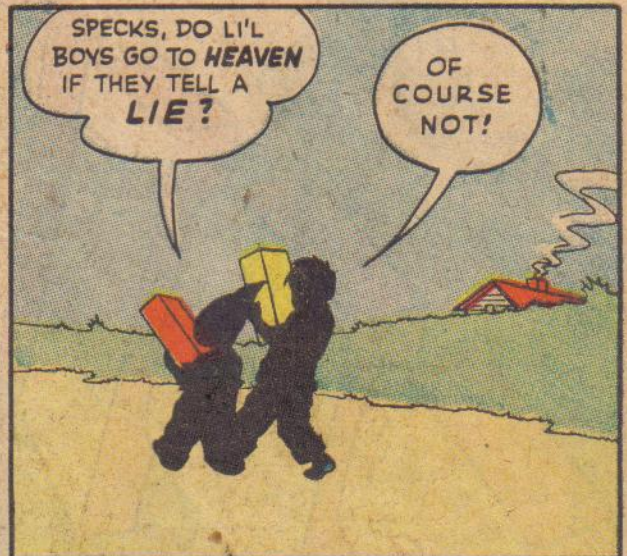
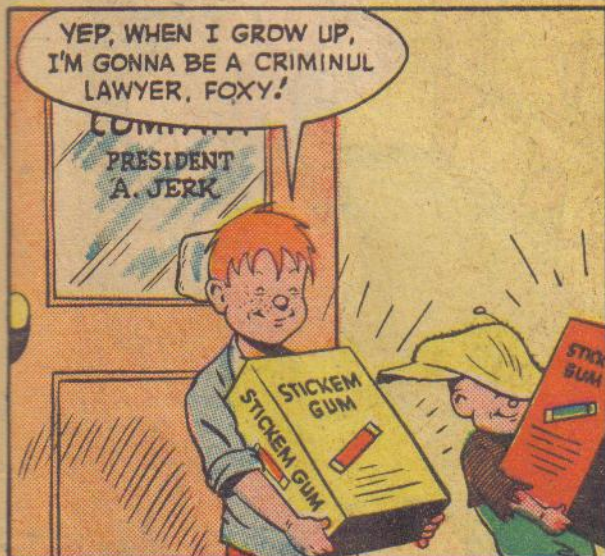
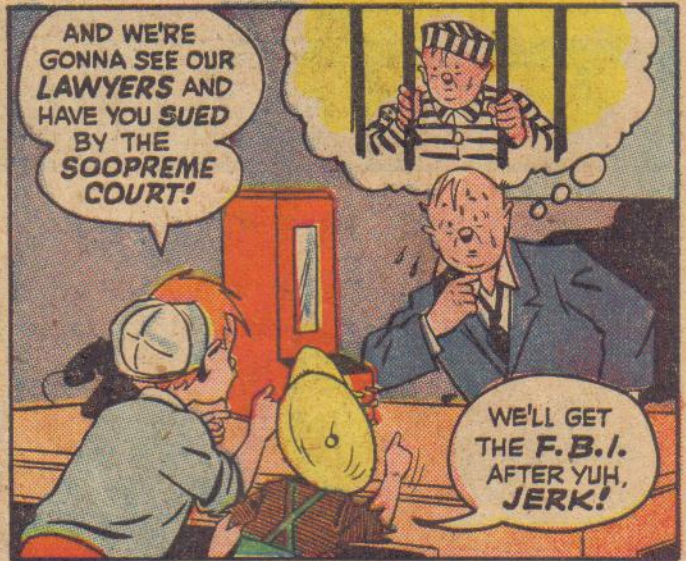
The wind went out of Dick's sails. So that was it! He looked at the gory meat on the bench. It was a quarter of beef, all right!

He grinned. "Nothing. Just wondered. Will they be back home soon?"

"This evening will finish the job," said the old man. "I pay them well. Now, good night." Potter turned and went about his cutting.

SPECKS





The police files of Central City called this "The Case of The Headless Burglar"... but the **SPiRiT** argued that it took a head, and a good one, to know the value of the Von Gelt diamonds! This reasoning set him off on the track of one of his weirdest adventures.



AT WILDWOOD CEMETERY, HOME OF *THE SPIRIT*...

SHADES OF WASHINGTON IRVING!
WHAT'S THAT??

YOW! WE'D BETTAH
MOVE TO ANOTHAAH PLACE,
MIST' SPIRIT BOSS!



HMMM! THIS
WILL BEAR
LOOKING
INTO!

AH KAIN'T
LOOK!



AFTER HIM,
EBONY!

MIST' SPIRIT BOSS,
THAT'S NOT A
HE! THAT'S AN
IT!



WE WANT TO
TALK TO YOU!
... WHY--HE'S
GONE!

AH'S IN FAVOR
O' DISAPPEARIN'
FAST, MAHSELF!



THERE MUST BE
SOME NATURAL
EXPLANATION!

HA! HA!
HA!



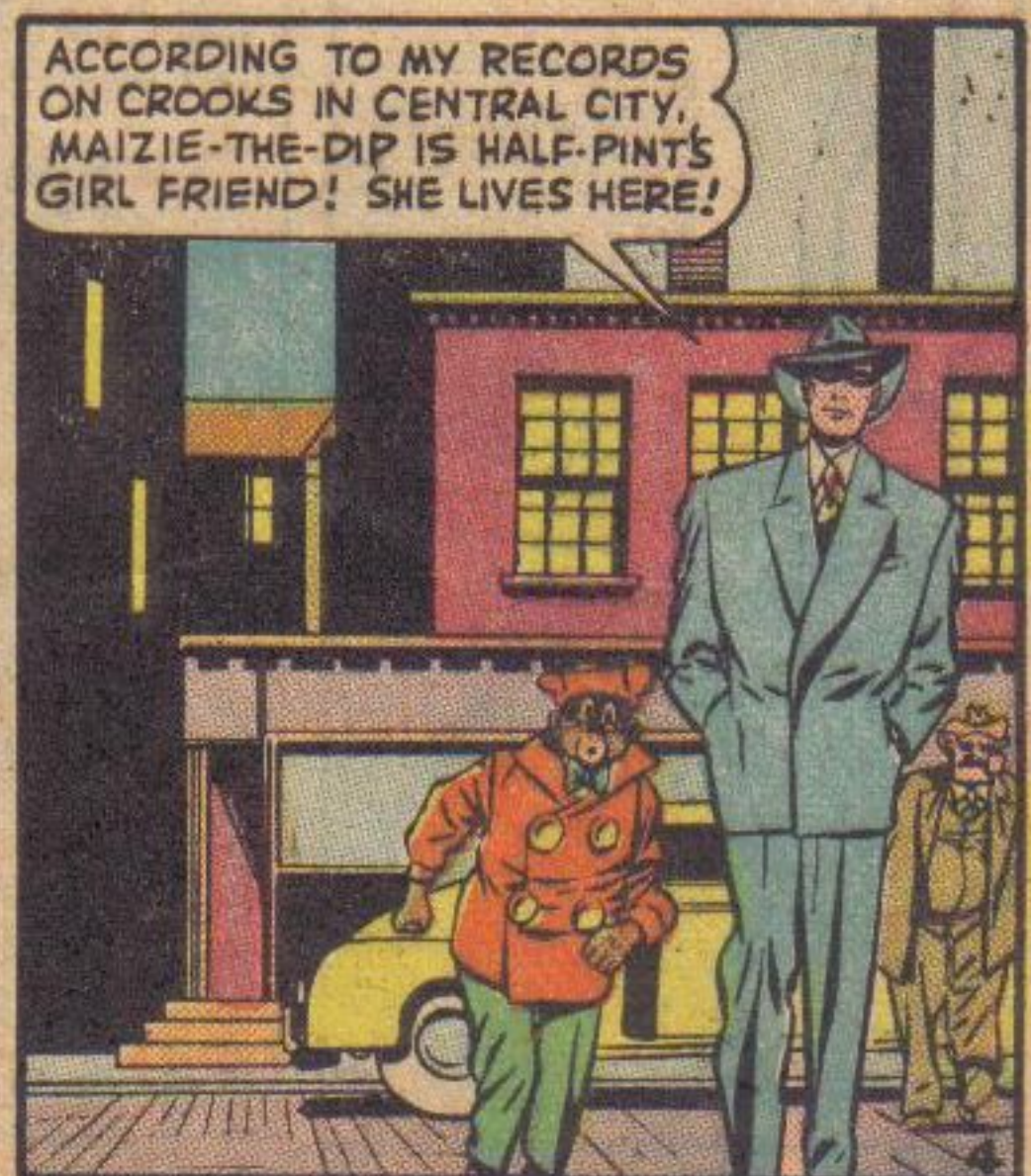
GOTCHA COVERED!
STICK 'EM UP!



OH, IT'S YOU, SPIRIT!
I THOUGHT I HAD
TRAILED THE HEADLESS
BURGLAR HERE!











SO THAT'S HOW HE DOES IT! LUCKILY, I CAME PREPARED!



NOW TO CLOSE IN ON HIM WHILE HE THINKS I'M GASSED!



SNIFF!... WHAT'S (SNIFF) GOING ON HERE?

(SNIFF) NEVVA HOID (SNIFF)---



SO HE DOES IT WITH A PEA-SHOOTER, EH? TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME!



IF HE HAS NO MASK, THAT WILL GET HIM!



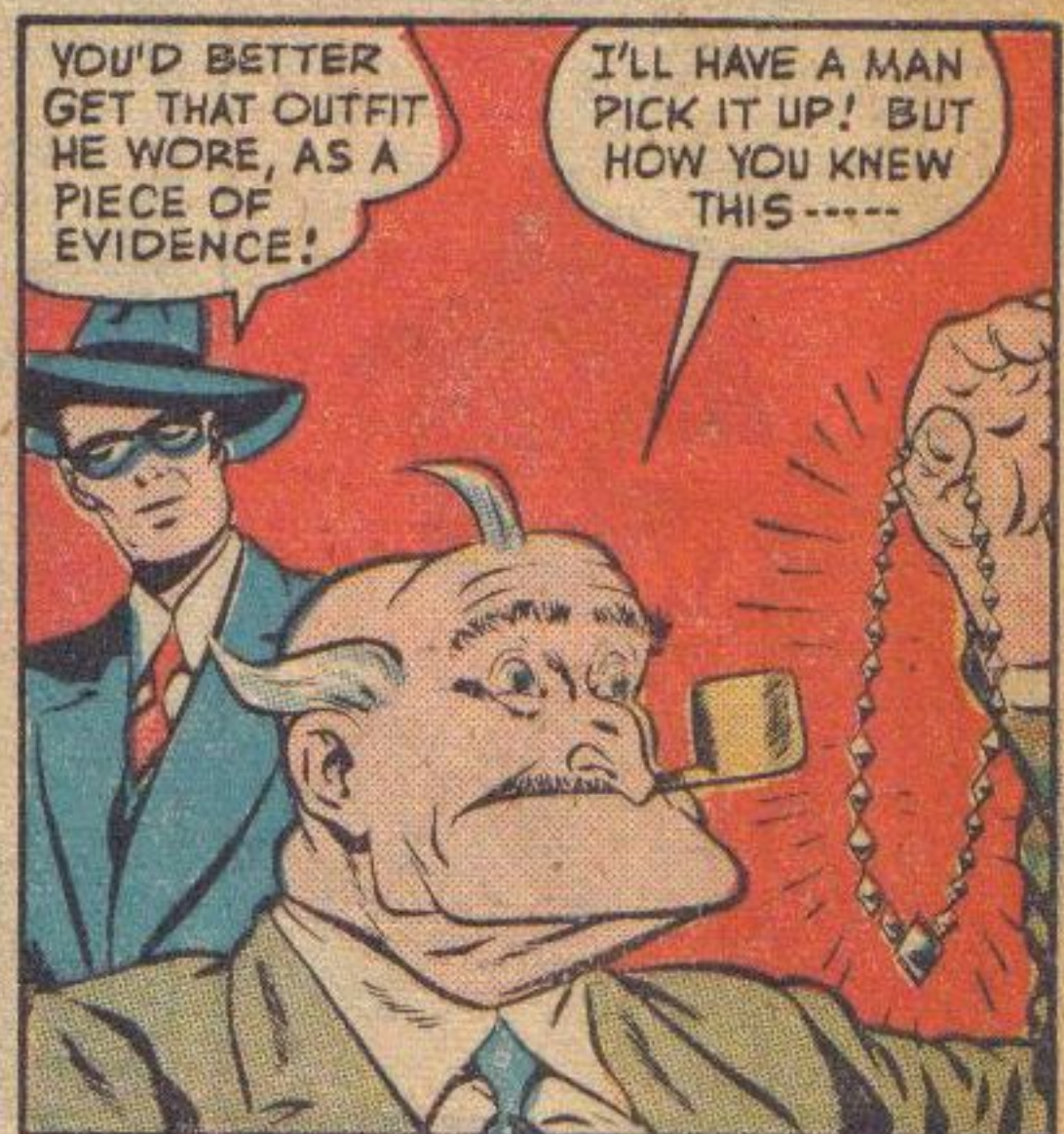
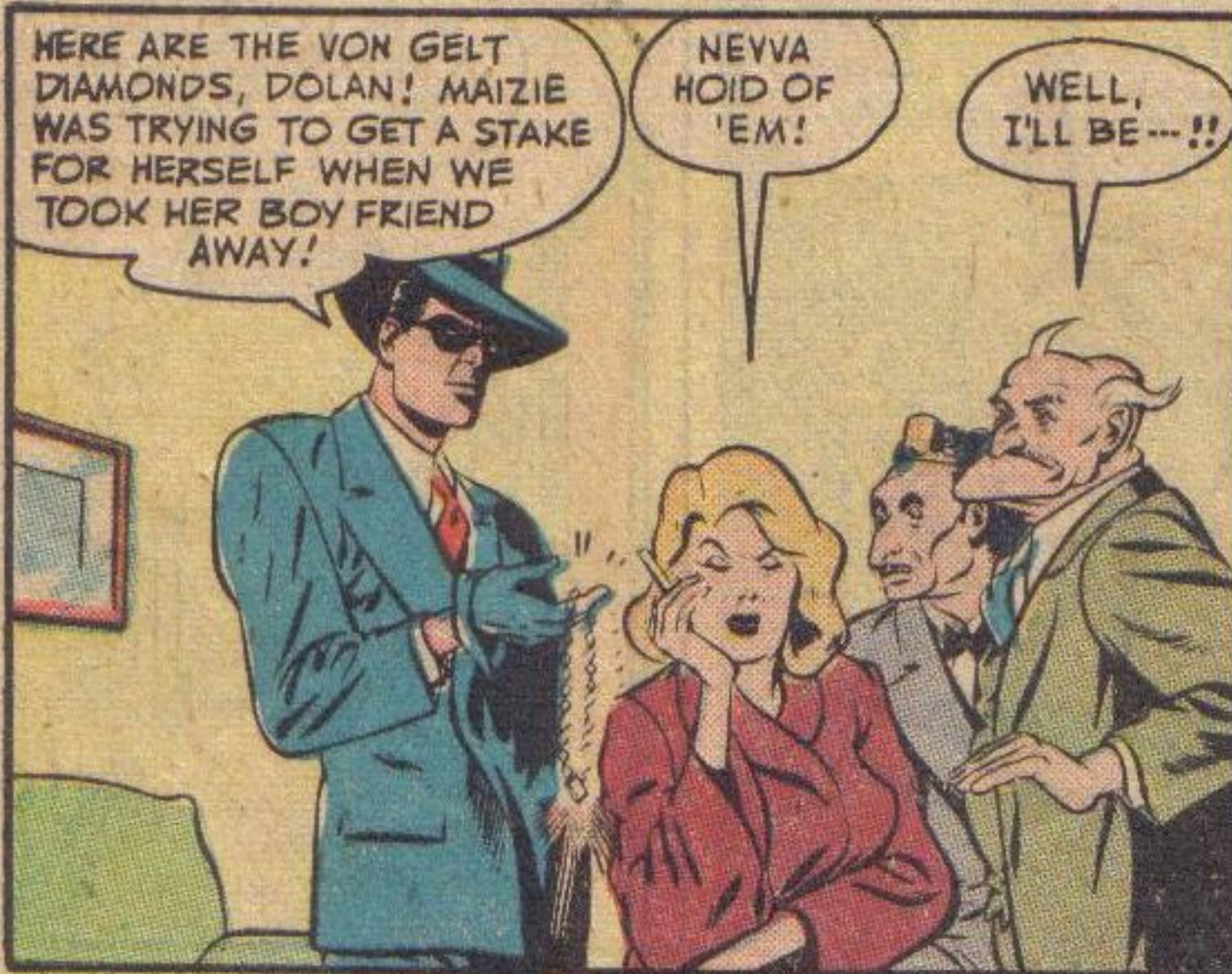
YOW! COUGH! HACK! BAW! LEMME OUTA HERE!

ALL RIGHT! BUT COME OUT PEACEABLY!



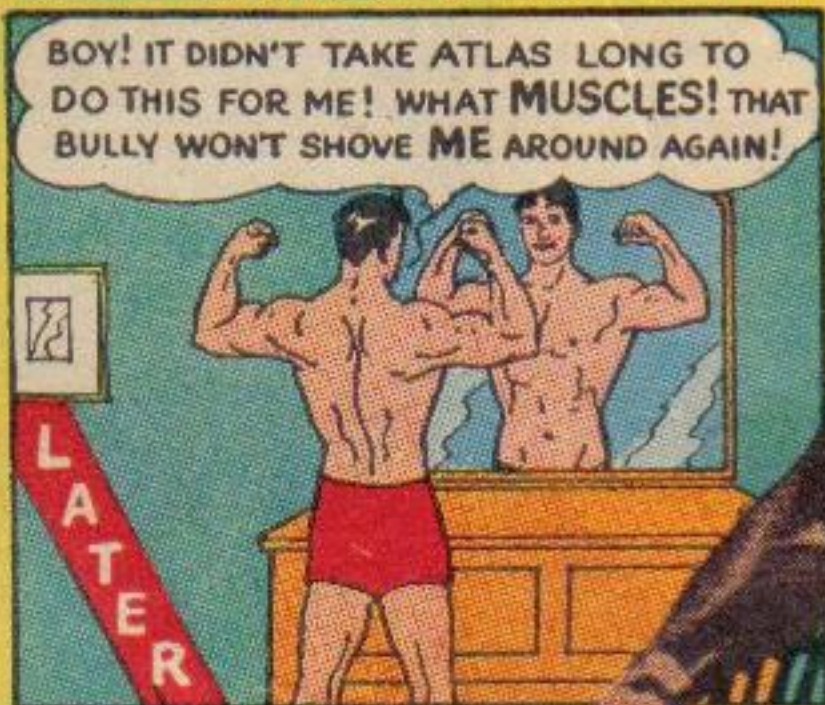
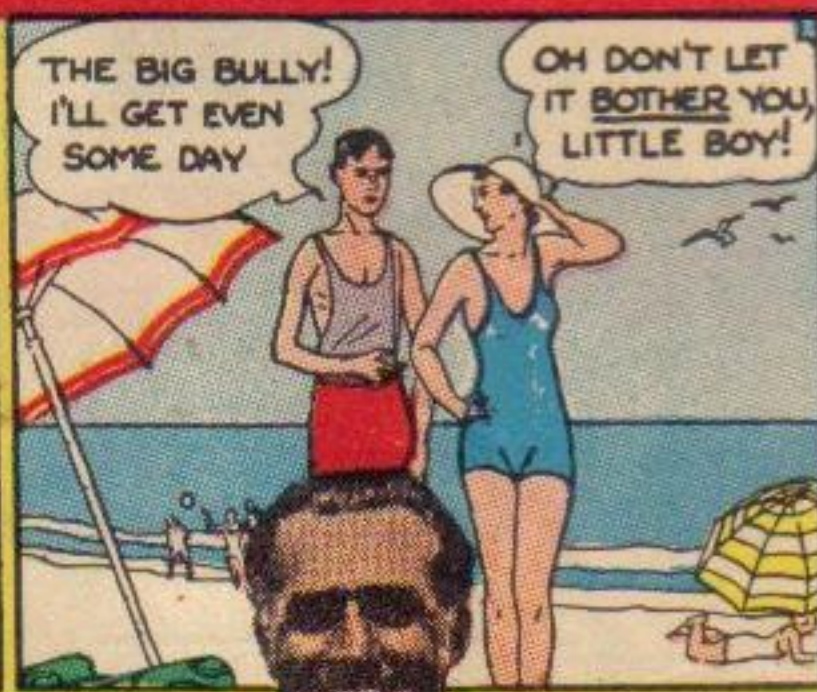
OKAY, HALF PINT! WE HAVE YOU NOW!

NEVVA HOID OF HIM!



HOW JOE'S BODY
BROUGHT HIM

FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 330 J 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 J
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

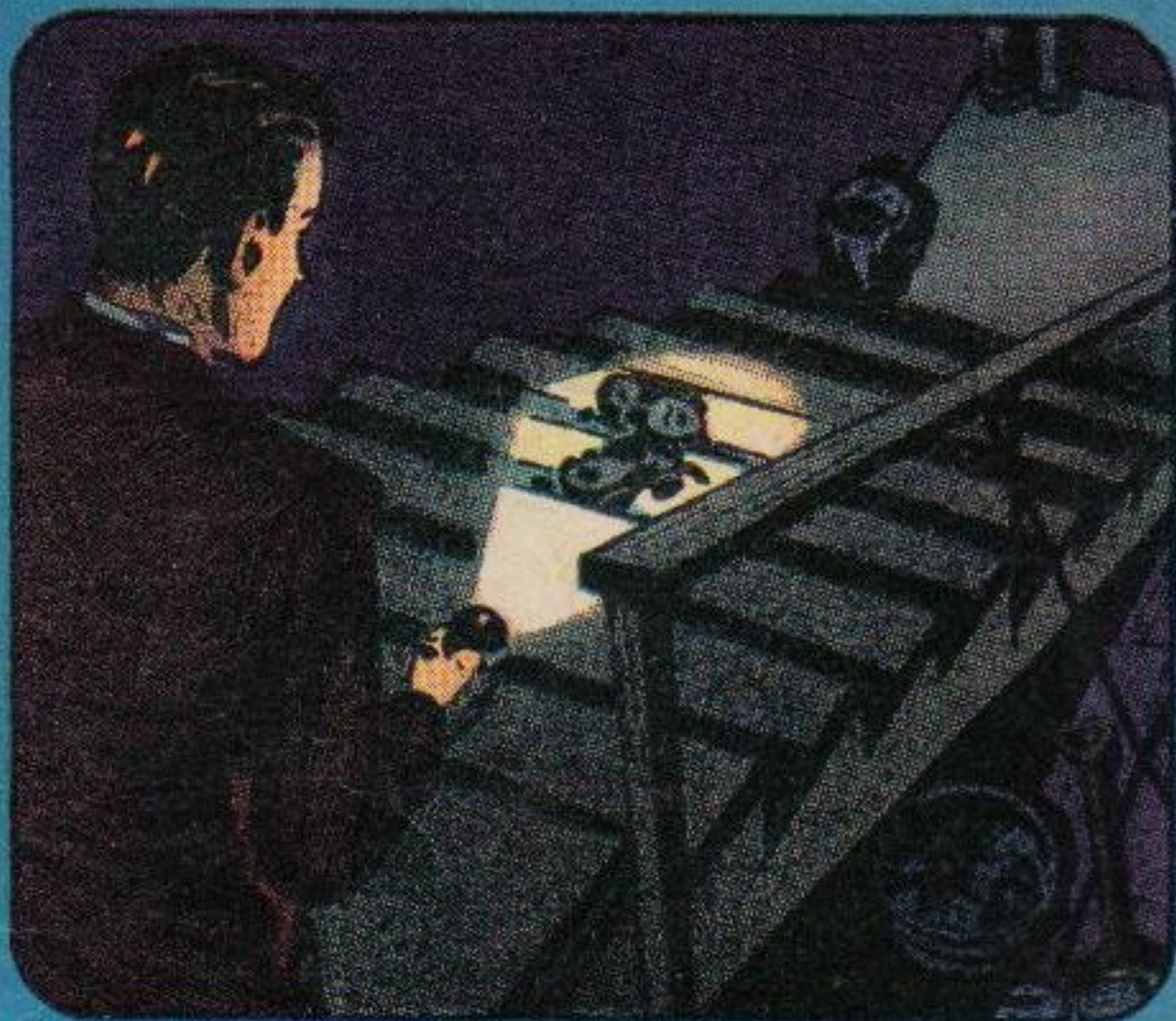
Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

How to Avoid these "BOOBY TRAPS" in your home!

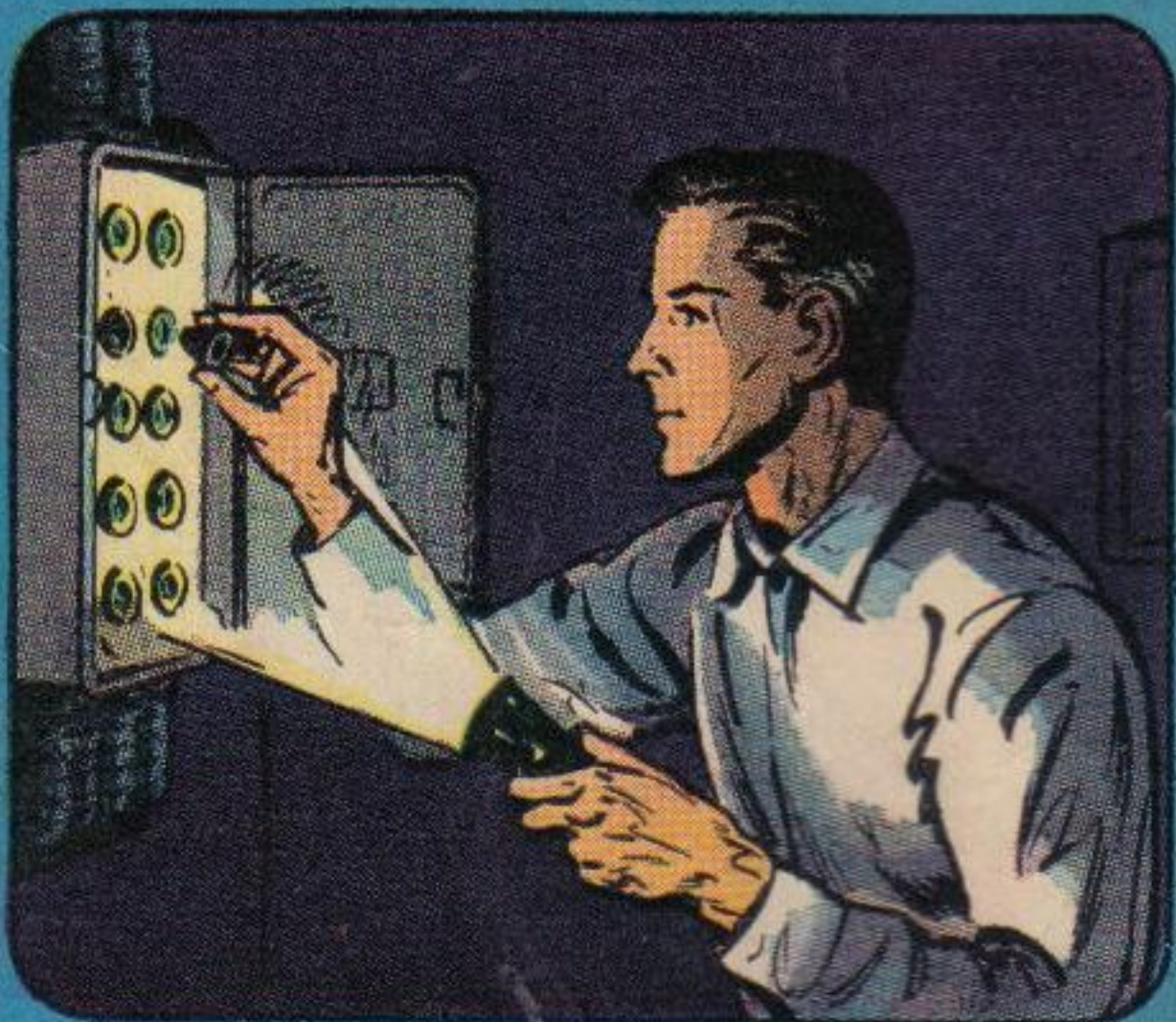
**What you can't see CAN hurt you
—says the National Safety Council**



1 About 5,000,000 Americans are injured every year at home—33,500 fatally! Largest single cause: *falling*. A roller skate on a dark staircase; shin-catching obstructions; slippery objects: these can be lethal "booby traps." To avoid them, carry your "Eveready" flashlight in dark areas.



2 Be sure all obstacles are cleared away. Linoleum or carpeting should be tacked down firmly. In attic or basement, pack all loose objects in noninflammable boxes stored against the walls. Don't rely on *your* knowledge of where obstacles are located—the next person may not know.



3 Know *in advance* where your fuse box, main water and gas valves, etc., are located; be sure you have a clear path to them. Armed with your "Eveready" flashlight, you can approach without fumbling in an emergency. Be sure loose wires are so placed that you won't trip over them.

4 Keep your "Eveready" flashlight always in the same convenient place—so you won't be tempted to do without it because it can't be located. Keep it filled with "Eveready" batteries—they're now available.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide **UIC** and Carbon Corporation

The registered
trade-mark
"Eveready" distin-
guishes products of
National Carbon
Company, Inc.

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK



For
**EXTRA
POWER,
EXTRA LIFE
—AT NO
EXTRA COST**